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JOHN BULL

Vol. XII. No. 304 | SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1912. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

FOOTBALL VOUCHER
MARCH 30, 1912.
See page iii. of cover.

THE
ETERNAL QUESTION
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J. BARRETT, British Oak, Mormore Green, Wolverhampton No. 85422. February 24th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 2nd:—

10106	163479	356635	475091	666861
25245	166944	363905	462262	679239
30900	192189	371591	498509	712039
48296	216198	381395	513453	725021
63894	226585	394116	544407	737387
69064	259685	417238	566365	762513
75889	266894	425095	577117	775358
90340	317017	446462	596155	818485
106367	326900	460009	623153	827564
142148	344409	465887	644530	861716

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"A BAR SCANDAL."

The article, under this heading, in our last issue, has created something like consternation in legal circles, and we have been inundated with letters and protests from all parts of the country and all sorts and conditions of men. But we are unable to deal further at present with the specific subject of the article, inasmuch as the Editor has issued writs for libel and conspiracy against Mr. Astbury, K.C., and Mr. Arthur Sims, and the matter must now, therefore, be left to the Courts. It has not been without deep regret, however, that Mr. Bottomley has felt constrained to adopt this course.

"COMING EVENTS."

On Saturday, March 16th, the *Daily Mail* published an article, in regard to a case in which a trespasser had been killed by mastiffs, under the heading "The Watchdog—Death of an Intruder." The following week our more or less faithful imitator, the journalistic *Watch Dog*, uttered his last bay to the moon. There are many reasons to account for this premature demise (which, by the way, takes *M.A.P.* away, as well), but let sleeping dogs lie!

WINNING WINSTON.

Mr. Churchill is coming on apace. His recent speech is the best delivered by a Naval Minister for many a day. It had eloquence, directness, and lucidity—a speech the man in the street can understand, whether the street happens to be in Germany or the United Kingdom. Just one hint, however. We must not *always* be "on the defensive." There may come a time when it will be our duty to blow the enemy's ships out of the water as soon as we can get at them. As the poet says, "Twice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, but thrice is he who gets his blow in fust." *Verb. sap.*

A DISCLAIMER.

There is no foundation for the report that the new wing of the Law Courts, now being built, is to be named after us, and is to be reserved exclusively for our cases

CABINET TROUBLE.

There is much trouble in the Cabinet, and Mr. Asquith is worried nearly out of his mind. Indeed, but for the Coal Crisis, he would undoubtedly have taken drastic action ere now. The Ministry, in fact, comprises two distinct groups, and it is with the utmost difficulty that the Prime Minister holds them together. Sir Edward Grey is leader of the one and Mr. Lloyd George of the other—and that is why they both spoke "a few words" at the recent Asquith banquet. Mr. Churchill is now so absorbed in his new Navy work that he takes little interest in anything else; and Mr. Burns is sulking badly. Then there is much difference of opinion over the drafting of the Home Rule Bill, and also as to the provisions of the Franchise Reform measure promised for this session. Altogether, Mr. Asquith is having a most trying time, and with the strain of the strike coming on the top of it, he is just about tired of the situation. There are more unlikely things than that both he and Mr. Balfour may be in the House of Lords before the end of the present Parliament.

LAWYERS IN PARLIAMENT.

The daily papers are beginning to take up this cry. One of them has been very severe on the legal members of the Government—hinting, indeed, that in their original professions they would never have been more than small fry. We do not go so far as that—at any rate as regards Mr. Asquith; but it is now agreed that in times of great national emergency their lack of practical business knowledge is made manifest—which is another nail in the Party coffin. How a Business Government would have dealt with the Coal Strike, for instance, we have endeavoured to show.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

From the *Telegraph*: "There was no answer to the merciless analysis of the Member for South Birmingham, who poured in a most merciless pompom fire upon the Under-Secretary." From the *Chronicle*: "Colonel Seely had much the best of a duel with Mr. L. S. Amery."

"Innocent, but Guilty."

They have a Superintendent of Police at Andover, one Bowles to wit, who is a man of ideas. At the recent County Sessions, a Mr. James Walker applied for the transfer of his beerhouse licence to a Mr. Beech Jones, who had overwhelming testimony as to character. Up bobs Superintendent Bowles to object, "on the ground that in February, 1907, a certain quantity of timber was found missing at Longparish, and Jones denied all knowledge of it. His premises were searched and timber belonging to the contractors was found there. He was charged at that Court and committed to Quarter Sessions, but he was acquitted." This is about the most novel reason ever given in a court of justice, one would think, why a man should not be allowed to run his business. But then, you see, the man was only a publican!

Begging from the Christians.

Mr. Swainson, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., was recently brought into prominence through his activities in connection with the £100,000 begging campaign. Here is another story. A man appeared at the gates of the Y.M.C.A. at Harrogate begging, and on instructions, though "nothing was known against him"—he was in fact trying to reach the labour bureau in Leeds—he appears to have been given into custody and locked up. In due course he was brought before the magistrates, and, appearing against him, "Mr. Swainson said he thought the case ought to be investigated, as charity was so often imposed upon." Evidently the only place to investigate it, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., is a police court, with a ten-to-one chance on the man getting a month's hard labour. By great good luck, he fell upon magistrates with bowels of compassion, for they discharged him and paid his fare to Leeds.

Necessitas non Habet Legem.

Evidently the Mayor of Basingstoke also recognises that necessity has no law. When the other day on the statement of P.C. Pullman (evidently a common-sense and fair-minded officer) that "he did not think they were professional beggars," he released two men charged with mendicancy, his Worship exclaimed, "What is a man to do when he is starving? I know what I should do. I should go to the first person I met and ask for help." There are other people, of course, who would go to the first workhouse they came across and break stones. At any rate, we are glad to know that the Mayor of Basingstoke does not think a man ought necessarily to be sent to gaol merely because he is caught begging. After all, there isn't much difference between the man who begs a copper or a crust from somebody and the religious cadger who gets his living by rattling a box at the street corner.

Party and the Parson.

There was an anti-Disestablishment-and-Disendowment meeting at Parkstone the other evening, the Hon. W. Talbot Rice, Vicar of Swansea, being in the chair. "With the present Party system," he said, "they could not get anything fair, and personally he believed there should be a secret ballot in Parliament, because a man at present was not allowed to vote according to his convictions, but just as the Opposition leader or head of the Government told him." Evidently the suggestion we made to the Prime Minister in the House some time since is getting round. To be frank, however, we look for nothing so revolutionary in the procedure of Parliament for many years to come. Think of the consequences. When Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law rose of a morning they would not know what was going to happen to them before night!

Canadian Emigration Snare.

The Vancouver Island Development League is frantic with us for exposing the great emigration snare. We know no more of the Vancouver Island Development League than that it is interested in the boosting of Vancouver Island. It is not many weeks since the Canadian papers were filled with accounts of processions of starving unemployed, the greater number of them genuine working men, through the streets of Vancouver. Dozens of letters reach us every week from British Columbia and other parts of Canada bewailing the bitter disappointment of English men and women who have been lured out. "I know a genuine working man," writes one disillusioned emigrant, "who slept out on New Year Eve when it was 16° below zero, and had to walk over 100 miles to get work of any kind. Warn intending emigrants to British Columbia." Wherefore, if Vancouver Island needs development, as we daresay it does, and plenty of it, let Canadians develop it themselves—or leave the job to the worms.

Canadian Unemployed.

The courteous gent. who writes on behalf of the Vancouver Island Development League says we are "filled with hell fire" because we cannot contemplate the prosperity of the earth in those parts without jealousy. But what were the authorities of Vancouver filled with recently when they rode down the peaceful demonstrators in an unemployed procession and bludgeoned men and women spectators? "The horses plunged into the heaving human mass," says one of Vancouver's chief journals; "men were knocked senseless by the indiscriminate use of the policemen's batons." Not far away were the 72nd Highlanders, with twenty-five ball cartridges per man, under orders to lend a hand if need be. The demonstrators were merely exercising their peaceful right of public meeting, and had not even hurt a fly. All they had done was to interview Premier McBride as to what public works his Government intended to undertake for the amelioration of the lot of the unemployed. Once more, Canadian Emigrants, Beware!

Wild Wales.

The Aberystwyth College of Wales students are a "touchy" lot where their Rugby football team is concerned. They have all the Welsh dislike of free and candid criticism. The other day a reporter on an Aberystwyth newspaper, in the honourable pursuit of his calling, had occasion to publish some adverse comments on their football. This was too much for young Wales as represented by the Aberystwyth students. Seizing the intrepid pressman, they conveyed him to the Castle, anointed him with golden syrup, and proceeded to bombard him on all sides with confetti. When they had got him nicely covered, they placed him in a truck and carried him through the streets, to the great joy of the inhabitants. Lloyd George must be on his guard. He is threatening to tax places of amusement and recreation. Aberystwyth, 'ware!

Arsenic and Horses.

Several readers are good enough to inform us that the practice of dosing horses with arsenic is a common one in Lincolnshire. "For many years," says Mr. Humphrey, a Cleethorpes chemist, "it has been a sort of secret among the country yokels employed by the farmers as horsekeepers that arsenic given to horses in the form of 'condition powders' gives the animal a fine and glossy coat, and they think, I may add, that because a small dose is good a bigger one will do better, thus proving (once again) that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

"The Parson's Doom."

Though we do not pretend to be tender to parsondom in its cants, hypocrisies, bigotries, intolerances and un-Christianities, we are certainly even less inclined to be tender to such productions as those associated with a Bradford tailor, named Gott, who recently engaged the attention of a judge and jury of Assize. Whether "The Parson's Doom" is a new production or an old one, we know not. At any rate, it has got as far as West Kirby, in Cheshire, whence it reached us. The spirit and taste of its contents are sufficiently indicated by the cover design, which represents a graveyard. On the cross of the centre grave appear the words, "Erected by Ernest Pack in Fond Memory of the Parson." Surrounding it are other graves, headstones being inscribed, "If You're Waking, Call Me Early," "Wha's Dat A-calling? Blow Hard or I Shan't Hear. Jim Deaffun," "They've Taken My Money and Left Me the Box," "I Shall Rise Again, I Don't Think." Now the first remark we have to offer on publications of this kind is that Freethinkers defeat their own object by them. What they do is simply to repel everybody into whose hands they fall. One stands aghast at the thought of men like Haeckel, Holbach, Buchner, Huxley, Leslie Stephen, and the author of "Supernatural Religion," endeavouring to beat down superstition by such methods of controversy. Theological criticism would have made no headway at all by them. Theological ground is, at any rate, high ground, and people who wish to do any good in the fighting should come out of the gutter.

A Teetotaling Temptation.

A few days ago two brothers were fined at Stourbridge for being drunk. One of them had been convicted 106 times, and the other 70. Far be it from us to cast any aspersion on the teetotal statisticians in the preparation of their estimates; but if they will kindly refrain from counting these two as one-hundred-and-seventy-six separate persons, we shall be obliged.

Mr. Voysey's Position.

The Rev. Charles Voysey writes to inform us that there is no truth in the rumour that he has ever contemplated a return to office in the Church of England. "For good reasons of my own," he says, "I have retained and will retain my Orders as a Priest in the Church of England, but *until* the Creed and Liturgy are altered I would never perform the service as it stands." We are afraid Mr. Voysey will wait long.

The Pension Sacrosanct.

Some people are lucky, and Captain P. C. Underwood, late of Ryde, and now at Southsea, is one of them. He owes £880, the amount available for dividend is £59, and he enjoys a pension of £365 a year. Recently his Ryde creditors applied to the County Court judge that £100 of his pension should be set aside, but his Honour refused to make the order, on the ground that "it was the policy of the department always, in the matter where a pensioned officer won and well earned his income, not to deprive him of it except in somewhat exceptional circumstances," and that £365 a year was not overmuch to keep his wife and daughters as an officer of the Navy. It seems to us, however, that the wives and daughters of the creditors who supplied Captain Underwood with £40 worth of flowers, £17 worth of music, £39 worth of boots, £40 worth of jewellery, and £70 worth of "whisky, etc.," are also entitled to be considered. There is a moral claim, even where there is not a legal one, on a man in difficulties to make personal sacrifices so that the loss of his creditors shall be as small as possible. We are surprised Captain Underwood has not voluntarily offered to set aside a portion of his income for their benefit, like an officer and a gentleman!

Bridlington's Meat.

Apparently Bridlington is still without meat inspection, wherefore ladies, and gentlemen, who contemplate spending their holidays there will be well advised to change their minds. For reasons best known to themselves, the Town Council are temporising. At the recent meeting of the Sanitary Committee the Town Clerk was instructed to write to a number of watering-places of similar size to Bridlington asking for information as to their methods. But what does it matter to people who are anxious to be served with sound meat in Bridlington what people are willing to eat in some other place? The Hull magistrate has already made strong remarks on the lack of inspection in this watering-place. The sooner the Council cease fooling, the better for the interests of the town.

Who Goes to Merthyr?

Mr. T. A. Rees, the Town Clerk of Merthyr Tydvil, invites applications for the job of Clerk of Works during the building of 49 workmen's dwellings; salary 22s. 6d. a week. The best thing the learned gentleman can do in the circumstances is to promote his office boy to the job, and await results with hopefulness and serenity. At the moment, the Merthyr collier is demanding 7s. 6d. a day as his minimum wage. And this in the constituency of Mr. Keir Hardie, and from a Council composed largely of Socialists! If some capitalist or other in the district had offered this wage, Mr. Hardie and his friends would have gone on the rampage, got purple in the face and wild in the hair, and set the whole neighbourhood ringing with their hoarse denunciations of sweated labour! Will they be good enough to explain why they have not gone on the stump on this occasion?

"Sir!"

Vast is the wrath of an English waiter in Glasgow who has heard of the London County Council's "schools for waiters." Evidently he doesn't believe everything comes to him who waits, for he says that though he speaks French and German and has nearly seven years' Continental experience, he is "a victim." He contends further that waiting cannot be learned in a school, but only by apprenticeship in the trade when taught by the trade; and that if it were recognised as a trade, waiters would take their proper place in the world and be no longer looked upon as cadgers. "Schools for waiters, indeed," saith the scorner; "why, the country is flooded with waiters." We should have thought that if the country were flooded with waiters they would have been in the swim, but apparently they are not. There is a Waiters' Union in London, however, so that things may be better by and by. In the meantime, it is only right to say that in some parts competition is great. Even the customers wait.

Newark's Motto.

The further consideration of the Latinisation of the motto Newark has selected for itself, "Trust God and Sally," is postponed. Some of the members of the Council apparently do not care if it is postponed for ever. Newark may therefore settle this great business once for all at the next meeting of the Council, and then proceed to discuss the appointment of the man who is now helping in the Castle gardens at a wage of half-a-crown a day. We don't know what he has to do; but it is evident that he has a sweating job. By the way, has Mrs. Mountney, the wife of the late keeper of the gardens who committed suicide in circumstances now well known, taken advice as to suing the Council for the return of her husband's property, namely, the visitors' book in which is the late King Edward's signature? The Council took the book by a form of "highway robbery," to quote the phrase of the coroner, and if he is right the widow has a good case.

Sunday Shooting.

It is about time that sanctimonious Sabbatarians stopped hampering young fellows who are eager to qualify themselves to repel the German invader. Just imagine the War Office having to waste time over conferences with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Llandaff, Winchester and Southwark, and a deputation from the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches! We are glad to find, after all this sickening palaver, the Army Council issuing an official statement expressing approval of Territorials who are willing to give up part of Sunday in order to render themselves efficient in musketry. You cannot repel an enemy by pelting him with Prayer Books, and perhaps the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, etc., etc., will some day be glad to avail themselves of the fighting capacity of these young men whose absence from Church they so much deplore.

Haste at Hastings.

When the case comes up to trial from the Hastings County Bench the judge may have something to say about their Clerk, Mr. F. G. Langham, reading out to them a list of previous convictions served by two men charged with burglary. Mr. Langham ought to know that this is highly improper. Mr. Langham may argue, "What does it matter? The magistrates had sent the prisoners for trial." It matters everything. The judges are very fussy about Contempt of Court. Beyond a doubt the Clerk read these convictions to the magistrates to the prejudice of the prisoners. The police-court proceedings have been published throughout the county; probably some of the jury will have read the report, and the convictions will set up in their minds a strong feeling against the men. The action of Mr. Langham amounts, in fact, to interference with the course of justice. If a newspaper published such convictions off its own bat the Crown lawyers would be down on its proprietors and editor with a ton of virtuous indignation, the judge would make a sermon forty yards long, and the defendants would be lucky if they escaped three months in gaol. We are therefore curious to see what the judge at Lewes Assizes does.

Illegal Games.

We are utterly unable to obtain any explanation as to the peculiar attitude at present adopted by the authorities towards gambling in this country. The laws are perfectly clear, but we do not enjoy what the Prayer Book calls the "indifferent administration of justice." A few harmless Chinamen met together in Limehouse to relieve the monotony of their existence by a little flutter at their national game of fan-tan. They offered no sort of temptation to their neighbours, they did not even do any serious damage to each other's pockets. But spies soon began to whisper, the police organised a raid, and the unfortunate Celestials were tormented with fines or imprisonment. Then, again, a few foreign waiters and hair-dressers spent their evenings in Soho staking copper coins at faro, which is their equivalent of halfpenny nap or bridge at 2½d. a hundred. Immediately the whole machinery of the law was directed against them, and newsboys began shouting the news of "Another Gambling Club Raided in the West End." Meanwhile, everyone knows that dozens of baccarat hells, many of them run by sharpers, are open every night in the West End of London. Why extend to baccarat an indulgence which is refused to faro and fan-tan?

Go As You Please.

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Sunday Shooting.

It is about time that sanctimonious Sabbatarians stopped hampering young fellows who are eager to qualify themselves to repel the German invader. Just imagine the War Office having to waste time over conferences with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Llandaff, Winchester and Southwark, and a deputation from the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches! We are glad to find, after all this sickening palaver, the Army Council issuing an official statement expressing approval of Territorials who are willing to give up part of Sunday in order to render themselves efficient in musketry. You cannot repel an enemy by pelting him with Prayer Books, and perhaps the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, etc., etc., will some day be glad to avail themselves of the fighting capacity of these young men whose absence from Church they so much deplore.

Haste at Hastings.

When the case comes up to trial from the Hastings County Bench the judge may have something to say about their Clerk, Mr. F. G. Langham, reading out to them a list of previous convictions served by two men charged with burglary. Mr. Langham ought to know that this is highly improper. Mr. Langham may argue, "What does it matter? The magistrates had sent the prisoners for trial." It matters everything. The judges are very fussy about Contempt of Court. Beyond a doubt the Clerk read these convictions to the magistrates to the prejudice of the prisoners. The police-court proceedings have been published throughout the county; probably some of the jury will have read the report, and the convictions will set up in their minds a strong feeling against the men. The action of Mr. Langham amounts, in fact, to interference with the course of justice. If a newspaper published such convictions off its own bat the Crown lawyers would be down on its proprietors and editor with a ton of virtuous indignation, the judge would make a sermon forty yards long, and the defendants would be lucky if they escaped three months in gaol. We are therefore curious to see what the judge at Lewes Assizes does.

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PILLS FOR EARTHQUAKES!

WANTED, A NEW TREATMENT FOR THE BODY POLITIC.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Coal Strike—whatever be the position of matters by the time these words are read—is, or was, but one of many symptoms of the great political, industrial and social upheaval which destiny has ordained for the early years of the twentieth century. That which we call the world is in reality nothing more than a huge living organism, upon which we, the human race, and all other forms of life—animal and vegetable—are but microbes, as microbes are on us. And, as with us, the world is subject to its ailments—its youth, its adolescence, its maturity and its decay. And to-day the world is ill; worse in some parts than in others, and particularly bad in the West—of which we are the centre.

Emasculated Mediocrity.

Different portions of the monster are affected in different ways. That which we inhabit is cursed with some complaint which has infected us, the British people, with a bad attack of emasculated mediocrity. Where are our great men? Nay, where are our *men?* What a lot of children we are! Just look at our "leaders." Ye gods! Are not they the kind of leaders who only follow—and then and thither only when and where it is safe? Yet, what else could be expected, as the fruit of our training—spread over centuries? Have not we been taught not to think for ourselves? *Believe* what the Parson tells us, and we are safe for heaven and happiness—*when we are dead*; and *believe* what our Politicians tell us, and we are all right, or as right as it is possible to be, whilst we are alive. Belief, Faith, Obedience, Discipline—that has been our moral and mental pabulum since our birth, and so we have grown up—children! We must not be allowed to Think—that might enable us to see through the game of our "leaders"! Besides, thought is the first step towards action, and when people begin doing things for themselves—well, they will not need to pay others to do them. If we began thinking out public questions, and working our own way to heaven, what would become of our "leaders"?

Labour Leaders.

I sat on the platform of the Albert Hall in December, 1905, and I heard people saying that a new order of things was about to dawn. Social reform—improved homes and better food and clothing for the poor; peace and goodwill among the nations; universal brotherhood; improved trade and commerce. The great men had come back to govern us, and they had called to their councils one great even as themselves—a Son of the People, whom they called John Burns. Labour, in future, should have a voice in the nation's affairs. And how it has rung out in recent troubles! Then I saw, in the following year, the birth of a whole Labour Party, and I watched two uncanny Scots playing for its "leadership," till the less uncanny—*i.e.*, the more canny of them—won. And I heard lay preachers and Scripture readers and "temperance advocates" proclaim themselves, as well, as "leaders"; and now and then, whilst the two Scots were plotting, one or other was permitted to play the rôle. There was Citizen Henderson, for instance—and he plays it still. Listen to him on the Coal Strike—and remember that he is a Labour "leader," to whom we look for expert guidance in time of great industrial crisis. The other day he was speaking at a demonstration "under the direction of the Tacket Street Brotherhood" at Ipswich, supported by the Rev. Silvester Horne, M.P., and he told them that "underlying the universal unrest was a great moral and spiritual significance," and that the miners had "been influenced by great and holy ideals." Then he went on to a Baptist chapel at Kilburn, and said he was convinced that "these outbursts are but the outward expression of an inward desire on the part of the great mass of the population to know a sweeter, a more wholesome, a freer and a holier existence"—and all the time these seekers after the sweeter and holier life were pigeon-flying, whippet-racing, visiting cinematograph shows, and generally having "a good time:" And Brother Henderson, in addition to his £400 a year as M.P. was, I hope, receiving "expenses" on a liberal—or shall I say, a labour?—scale for attending to deliver these sapient and helpful words!

Our Ministers.

And what of these? As good, probably, as any which the Party system can produce; but where are the *men* amongst them? You will remember how, according to their lights, they tried to settle the strike—by talking about it—which is the Party way. And then, when they were getting hoarse, and their throats required rest, they introduced a Bill. But they forgot to provide that the mines should be re-opened. What they said was this:—

> It shall be an implied term of every contract for the employment of a workman underground in a coal mine that the employer shall pay to that workman wages at not less than the minimum rate settled under this Act and applicable to that workman, unless it is certified in manner provided by district rules that the workman is a person excluded under the district rules from the operation of this provision, or that the workman has forfeited the right to wages at the minimum rate by reason of his failure to comply with the conditions with respect to the regularity and efficiency of the work to be performed by workmen laid down by those rules; and any agreement for the payment of wages in contravention of this provision shall be void.

A heroic measure, my brethren, think not you? Talk about pills for earthquakes!

A Business Bill.

Now let me draft Clause I. of the Bill as a Business Government would have framed it:—

> Within forty-eight hours after the passing of this Act every coal mine in the United Kingdom which was working on the first day of March, 1912, shall be reopened, and every man or boy who on the said date was employed in or about any such mine shall return to work on the same conditions in all respects as he was then employed. Any mine not re-opening in accordance with the provisions of this section shall become forfeit to the Crown, and every man or boy not returning to work as so required shall, unless able to produce a satisfactory excuse or explanation, be sent to prison with hard labour and remain there till he decides to resume work.

And *then* I would proceed to provide for minimum wages and all the rest of it—setting up some such machinery as I indicated in my previous article.

Party the Enemy.

But who would dare, under the Party system, to introduce such a clause? You see, it would offend the "Labour Leaders," and they might vote against the Government. They would look up their political copy-books and learn off several phrases about the "freedom of contract," and a man's right to sell his labour as he likes, and all the rest of it. Meanwhile, the industries of the nation might remain at a standstill, our national safety be jeopardised, and starvation stalk through the land. And no Business Government would tolerate that.

AN INCOMPETENT AND IMPERTINENT STIPENDIARY.

OH FOR A BUSINESS BENCH!

We have received many and bitter complaints concerning Mr. d'Eyncourt, the Clerkenwell Stipendiary. His insolence to counsel, solicitors, and witnesses is a public scandal. He is a weak man, and like most weak men possesses the characteristic of endeavouring to hide his weakness by adopting bullying tactics. He gave a lamentable exhibition in a case which recently came before him.

A man was charged with stealing four chests of tools. The prisoner claimed that the things were his. A dispute also arose as to the ownership of certain documents held by Mr. Dodd, the defendant's solicitor, and he declined to give them up unless subpœnaed.

Mr. d'Eyncourt: "Have you the documents now?"

Mr. Dodd: "I have, but I have a right to hold them unless I am instructed to deliver them up."

Mr. d'Eyncourt: "I instruct you to do so; and that overrides any difficulty."

Mr. Dodd: "Your instructions have nothing to do with it, but in the interests of my client I am prepared to hand them to Mr. Ricketts (the prosecuting solicitor) if he will sign an undertaking to deliver them to me again."

Mr. Ricketts: "I shall sign nothing."

Mr. Dodd: "Then I don't see why I should give them to him."

Mr. d'Eyncourt: "*You are within your rights*, but you are not acting in the interests of your client."

Mr. Dodd: "If I am in my rights, why should you attempt to interfere with them? I strongly object to being ordered by the Court to deliver documents under threats."

Mr. d'Eyncourt: "*I shall have to make a long remand.*"

Mr. Dodd: "Yes, you threaten to imprison my client for a week if I do not give up some papers. That is a most extraordinary state of things."

Mr. d'Eyncourt: "Are you prepared to produce them?"

Mr. Dodd: "Only under threats. I cannot understand such procedure in a Court of Justice."

Mr. d'Eyncourt: "You had better consult your client."

Mr. Dodd: "Certainly not."

Mr. d'Eyncourt; "Next case. Let this stand back."

Mr. Dodd: "I am not going to ask him again. The case must proceed in the proper way."

Mr. d'Eyncourt: "I won't take the case until the end."

On the case being called on again, Mr. d'Eyncourt asked Mr. Dodd if he had interviewed his client; Mr. Dodd replied that he had not, that he had his instructions, and was not going to waste time.

After a lengthy argument *the case was dismissed!*

Mr. Dodd is to be heartily congratulated upon bringing this muddle-headed stipendiary to his senses, and in view of the general complaints of his conduct it will be interesting to observe what action the Home Secretary will take.

"SECRETARYSHIPS."

THE "CHAIRMAN" AND "VICE-CHAIRMAN" DISOWN THE CONCERN.

With reference to our paragraph last week in relation to the strange telegram, asking for £15, sent to a gentleman who had paid three guineas in order to obtain a private secretaryship, Sir Paynton Pigott, M.V.O.—whose name heads the concern's letter-paper—has called upon us and wishes it to be made quite clear that when the business first came to his notice—in July last—he demanded that Mr. Oxley, the "Registrar and Secretary," should remove his name from all printed matter, and from the door of the offices at Walter House, Strand, as no permission whatever had been given for its appearance, and he had absolutely no knowledge of the concern. We think that, in dealing with a matter of this kind, Sir Paynton should have taken the strong, and only really effective step, of applying for an injunction restraining Mr. Oxley from utilising his name and reputation in this way. Had he done so, several far from wealthy persons, seeking employment, would have saved money. We are not surprised to hear from Mr. Clarke Stoughton, J.P., whose name also figures on the notepaper as Vice-Chairman, that he desires to join Sir Paynton in his disclaimer.

"RATTLE HIS BONES."

ANOTHER PAUPER FUNERAL SCANDAL.

A shocking description of the way in which a parish funeral was recently carried out under the Bury St. Edmund's Board of Guardians is contained in an emphatic letter of protest which the Rev. H. T. Osborne, Rector of Rowton, who officiated at the service, has addressed to the Chairman of the Board.

It seems that one of Mr. Osborne's parishioners who, he says, had waged a brave and faithful though ineffectual struggle to maintain himself, had died in hospital, and on February 22nd the body was to be brought from Bury St. Edmund's to Rowton for interment. It was conveyed in a green wagon with red wheels, which "came rattling through the village at a most improper pace," and arrived at the church half an hour before the time appointed. Three men were in charge of the wagon, and when the Parish Clerk insisted that the coffin must not be moved until the service commenced, they replied that they could not wait, as they had two other bodies to "collect" by the same conveyance. "One of them added," according to Mr. Osborne, "that the parish would not allow sufficient for any other method of procedure."

It is not surprising to learn that the incident has aroused the deepest resentment in the neighbourhood, and churchwardens and parishioners have united in an emphatic protest against a method of administration which makes it possible for such scenes to occur. "I have officiated at many pauper funerals both in town and country, but never before was shocked and ashamed as I was on that occasion." is the Rector's own comment.

Mr. Osborne and the undertaker concerned have been requested to attend the next meeting of the Board, and it will be interesting to see what excuse can be put forward in justification of an almost incredible state of affairs.

GETTING READY FOR THE GERMANS.

THE WHITEWASHER'S WAIL.

The Royal Irish Rifles are a distinguished corps. At present they are stationed at Kamptee, and from a copy of Battalion orders by Lieut.-Col. W. C. O'Leary now before us, it is obvious that they are in the midst of Spring cleaning. Here are some interesting extracts from Regimental instructions for Whitewashers, apparently compiled by that great authority on the subject, Mr. Masterman:

> In future the following detailed instructions will be observed when whitewashing buildings, &c., in barracks. No deviation from the instructions will be allowed without sanction from the Commanding Officer:—
>
> Single Men's Bungalows:—The steps of all buildings are to have a black line 3 ins. broad painted on them, the inner edge of the line to be in line with the inner edge of the door jamb. The space between these lines, opposite the doors, is to be left clear; the remaining part of the steps outside the black lines is to be whitewashed.
>
> In the case of the verandah the whitewashing and black line on the verandah floor are to be continued to the bottom of the steps. The walls over the steps (*i.e.*, from the outer edge of the door to a line running perpendicular over the outer edge of the steps to the top of the plinth) are to be whitewashed. Whitewash above the top of the plinth is to be removed.
>
> The walls below the pillars, when there are no steps, are not to be whitewashed.
>
> The whitewash and black line on the verandah floor, round the pillars, is to be continued to the ground.

Then follow twenty-six more printed lines of specific instructions as to whitewashing corners of buildings, drains, cookhouses, steps, workshops, married quarters, metal, woodwork, etc.—each particular item to receive an artistic touch.

We would, however, remind the gallant Commander of the Royal Irish Rifles that in his detailed instructions he has made o provision whatever for whitewashing the sky.

An Ideal Sporting Pictorial.
LOTINGA'S WEEKLY.
Every Wednesday *One Penny*

THE CIVILIAN "BOBBY" BUNKUM.

STATHAM'S SELF-SACRIFICE—POWER, AND THE GLORY.

The Press has lately devoted considerable space to detailing the doings—and very much more to the sayings—of persons who are running a concern calling itself "The Civilian Force." The object of this body, to quote the official handbook, is "to supplement the Regular Forces in times of riot, lawlessness, and strike disturbances." Its initiator and presiding genius appears to be Mr. W. Arnold Statham, who, about a month after its formation in September last, entered, as Chairman, into an arrangement with Mr. W. M. Power, under which that gentleman opened, with the sum of £200, a banking account in the name of the body (then calling itself the Volunteer Police Force), on the understanding that the amount was to be devoted to paying liabilities incurred after that date. The consideration for this payment was that Mr. Power should be appointed Vice-President for life, that all general literature, etc., issued should bear his illustrious name as "'Founder and Vice-President' for all time."

A Pretentious Protector.

As will have been gathered, Mr. Power is evidently a gentleman seeking distinction, whilst Mr. Statham is apparently an altruistic individual, content, so long as the £200 was forthcoming, to allow someone else to take the credit for founding a force "Imperial in character, and the Protector of the Public Peace, independent of class legislation"—to quote again from the official handbook.

Although relegated to the comparative obscurity of Chairman, Mr. Statham is still good enough to watch carefully over the offspring of his brain, for, though the Duke of Abercorn appended his signature, Statham's was the hand which, when applications for enrolment numbered six or seven a day, drafted a letter, published in *The Times* on November 22nd, which stated that "thousands of applications are being received for recruits to the Force from all parts of the country"; while his tongue has been active on various platforms on behalf of the cause, "representing and embodying the spontaneous offer of high-minded citizens to go to the rescue of the weak and oppressed members of the public who are victimised by the apostles of lawlessness and disorder." For instance, on November 23rd, at a meeting to inaugurate a branch, held at a Southend hotel, referring to Mr. Power, Mr. Statham stated, "It was his brilliant conception which met the exigencies of the situation and solved the difficulties which had perplexed the nation at the time of the National Strike." Think of the British nation being saved by £200! His glowing and unselfish eulogy proceeded: "It was formerly Mr. Power's idea. It is now the nation's idea. In time it will not only immortalise the memory of Mr. Power, but it will safeguard the nation. Fortunately, Mr. Power is not content to rest on his laurels. He has reduced the idea to a practical shape, and hence this vast and rapidly increasing organisation."

A "Man of Letters."

After proceeding in this strain for a few minutes, the eloquent Chairman said, "The correspondence is something prodigious. We answered 60,000 letters in two days." At that time the number of letters dispatched daily from the offices of the Force was under fifty!

Another example of Mr. Statham's exuberance caused by his own verbosity was when he let himself go at an At Home given by Mrs. Holcombe Ingleby. He is reported to have "pointed out that they (the Force) had got together a great number of men trained in electrical and mechanical engineering, retired Civil servants, men of the Royal Artillery, Field Artillery, and men who had been in charge of railways during the time of war. They had been to the railway companies and the railway companies had been to them. The railway companies had inspected the men, and instead of saying they should like men to come in time of trouble they said they wanted them to come at once. The consequence was that they were shovelling men into the railway companies as fast as they could." The operations of the shoveller must have been of a somewhat light description, since at that time—December 11th—the whole strength of the Force stood at but about 400 men. Still as, according to the handbook and the verbatim report of Mr. Statham's Southend speech, the men were to serve for nothing, we can understand the companies' anxiety to get them at once. Even as late as a few days ago, the list exhibited at the offices of the organisation at 100, Victoria Street, S.W., showed that the membership was about 1,000, whilst of this number the larger portion have signed on for service *only when they feel disposed*. What this means is illustrated by a little incident which occurred about the end of January last, when postcards were dispatched to the whole of the members of a London company of 120 men, calling them up for service. Although living in the neighbourhood of headquarters, but thirty-seven turned up.

"Money is the Foremost Thing."

On the strength of Mr. Statham's statement to it, at a meeting held on December 3rd at the offices of the London Chamber of Commerce, that 30,000 applications for enrolment had been received, and believing that amongst these many thousands of men the Force possessed a large number trained as engineers and mechanics, willing to conduct—gratuitously—commercial operations in time of strike and riot, the Chamber's sub-committee on trade disputes recommended that its members should support the Force, placing first in the list of methods of doing so "by voluntary subscriptions to the organisation." About a month before, Mr. Statham had appointed Mr. A. H. Mitford as a voluntary worker to encourage financial support. The Duke of Abercorn appended his signature to a letter of thanks to him for this gratuitous service, again the wording of the communication being Mr. Statham's. About a fortnight later, however, the ubiquitous Statham determined that Mitford, despite the arrangement as to absence of remuneration, should draw a commission of 25 per cent. on all contributions, and he was subsequently placed on the Grand Council, though the gentleman who had acted as Secretary of that body had been removed to another position, owing, it is understood, to the legitimate objection of Lord Lonsdale to anybody in receipt of payment serving on that body. To the extreme variation of Mr. Mitford's terms of service strenuous objection was taken, in view of the fact that the negotiations with the London Chamber of Commerce pointed to a heavy subscription—from £10,000 to £30,000 being expected—and, even granting that it was legitimate to pay him a large commission, it was thought grossly unfair to do so upon this huge sum, as he had not upon a single occasion either written to, or seen, the authorities of the Chamber in regard to the matter. A letter of protest was sent to the Grand Council, but that body apparently took no step, nor did it exert itself to prevent the removal from the Force of the person who had the temerity to object.

Birth and Business.

Whilst on the question of funds, it may be added that they purport to be administered by trustees, the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Lonsdale. The Duke seldom goes to the office; indeed, during the whole existence of the organisation he had not been there more than six or eight times. Lord Lonsdale was also a very irregular attendant, and on February 5th left for South America. All cheques are now authorised by Mr. Power or Mr. Statham, and signed by the former.

The Council of thirty is headed by a Duke, and bristles with the names of peers, police-court magistrates, and officers in both Services, besides the heads of two City Companies. It is, however, more ornamental than useful, as it has been summoned but five or six times since September—three of the times in two days—though the organisation has been conducting a very active campaign. On no occasion did more than eight members, apart from the six attached to the staff, attend. Twenty-one of them have never been present at a single meeting.

The "Ill-Wind" Blows Someone Good.

Before the Coal Strike the Force was in an embarrassed pecuniary position, being pressed, amongst other creditors, by a printer for a bill of £80 odd. Upon the Labour crisis arising, however, a mysterious cheque for £500 was received.

It is but fair to say that there is reason to believe that many of the persons who have lent their names to the body are quite unaware of the manner in which the concern is carried on. For instance, an influential Yorkshire gentleman, who had undertaken the organisation for that county, relinquished his labours, after paying a visit to the head offices and enquiring into matters for himself. His example was followed by a lady of title, who had accepted the Secretaryship of the Ladies' Committee. A similar exodus has also taken place in connection with the West of England district.

SOLDIERS AND SOCIALISM.

A WARNING AGAINST FALSE FRIENDS.

BY A STAFF-SERGEANT.

The Syndicalists who have been endeavouring to sow sedition in the ranks of our Army were anticipated as far back as May, 1907, by the Social Democratic Federation who, in a leaflet headed "An Appeal to Soldiers," which was distributed on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere, endeavoured to pose as the loving brother of the down-trodden Tommy Atkins. He was represented as the helpless victim of the "capitalist and financial classes"—"people who use you as food for powder in the interests of their class," and here is a choice extract from the leaflet:—

> For you are and will remain a class apart from the rest of the nation so long as you are compelled to serve under a barbarous military code called "Military Law." You cannot help yourselves. You hate Military Law? Of course you do. You know that the system of trial by Courts-Martial is a mere farce and a mockery—that it savours of the methods of the "Star Chamber"? Most decidedly you do.
>
> WOULD YOU FREE YOURSELVES?
>
> Then this is what you have to do. Send a bill to some relatives or friends, and tell them all you know about the rottenness of Military Law. Tell them that we of the Social Democratic Federation intend to do our utmost to abolish it root and branch. When you yourselves leave the Service, remember what we have striven to do for you, and remember also the condition of your fellows still in the Service, and give us your support.

It was the S.D.F. that organised a demonstration of unemployed ex-soldiers as a set-off to the great dinner given in the Albert Hall, under the Presidency of Earl Roberts, for Indian Mutiny veterans at Christmas, 1907. It was in one of the S.D.F.'s Socialistic demonstrations that ex-soldiers were in the proportion of three to five! It was a paper run by another Socialist body that suggested to a well-known ex-soldier writer—though in vain—that he should pen a series of three articles, to be afterwards published in pamphlet form for distribution in barracks and camps, on "Socialism for Soldiers"; and the deputation of ex-soldiers that behaved brusquely, if not discourteously, towards the War Secretary in Whitehall a couple of years ago was also engineered by the S.D.F.

But meanwhile the soldier has not been dead to the fact that he has been denounced by the same Socialists in Hyde Park as a "hired murderer," and in perhaps stronger terms in a pamphlet entitled "Empire and Murder," by C. H. Norman, published by the Twentieth Century Press in 1906. He knows that Socialistic deputations have time after time waited upon Cabinet Ministers to oppose the preferential employment of ex-soldiers—that some trade unions framed rules expressly to keep ex-soldiers out—that a Socialist M.P. advised the Belfast rioters in 1907 to make good use of broken bottles against the troops—that only recently (not for the first time) active Socialistic opposition has been manifested towards soldiers and ex-soldiers employed in the Post Office and towards Army bandsmen for accepting engagements—that reductions in Army pay and pensions are largely to be attributed to the influence of Labour Members—and that one of the latter in the House of Commons "repudiated in the name of the working-classes" the care of invalid soldiers at Netley!

In addition, there was an endeavour (ignominiously brief) by Socialists a year or two ago to found an Anti-Army League, and the way in which they strenuously opposed recruiting for the Territorial Force is common knowledge. And so the serving soldier has the full measure of the Socialists—and all their philanthropic (?) literary vapourings are no more to him than handy pipe-lights!

FIGHTING FOR A PRINCIPLE.

A PECULIAR MATRIMONIAL TANGLE.

In November last we mentioned the case of a chief armourer serving in the Navy, whose married life has been a very chequered and sad one. He was married in 1884, and for a time lived happily. Eventually his wife became an habitual drunkard, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. In 1887 the man, while serving abroad, read in a weekly paper a detailed account of his wife's death. He instructed people in this country to make every enquiry into the accuracy of the paragraph, and after receiving a confirmatory report he married again in 1898. He then went on foreign service, remitting money regularly through the Admiralty for the maintenance of the second woman he had married, and his daughter by the first wife. On his return to England he found his second wife had been guilty of misconduct. This, however, he condoned for the sake of the child which had just been born. After a time a second child was born. In 1904, it became known to the second wife that the first one was alive, and she thereupon gave information and had the man arrested. He was charged with bigamy, and acquitted on the ground that he had reason to believe that his first wife was dead.

Next day he was served with an affiliation summons by the second "wife." He was ordered to contribute 10s. weekly for the maintenance of the two children, upon the condition that they were to be sent to a Home—to which the mother agreed. When the children had been at the institution for a few months, the mother insisted upon withdrawing them, and as the agreement had been only a verbal one, the authorities had to hand over the children, and thereupon the father refused to pay the maintenance money. The mother married again, and since the time of the release of the children from the Home this man—who to obtain his present naval position must be a man of excellent character—has been summoned no less than eight times for non-payment of the maintenance, the last time being on March 20th, at Southampton. He was then ordered to pay the arrears, but refused, whereupon the magistrate sentenced him to a month's imprisonment.

Surely this is a case deserving the attention of those interested in the Marriage Laws. And what about the magistrate who tried the case in the first instance? Why did not the Order include a direction that the children should go to the Home, when both parties were agreed? It is certainly a very hard case.

A NEW OXFORD STREET QUACK.

WHAT SAYS THE MEDICAL COUNCIL?

A person going under the name of "Dr. Henry Buss," and describing himself as a specialist in skin and nerve complaints, is carrying on business at 116, New Oxford Street. For the information of prospective patients and the British Medical Council, we may say that he is not a Doctor of Medicine. About four years ago, he arrived in London and established himself as a tailor at 27, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.

"It is very generous to be philanthropic with other people's money."—JOHN BURNS. (NOTE.—*Not* Lloyd George!)

"If you have nothing, you need not worry yourself about paying."—JUDGE BRAY.

"In the midst of the gloom and anxiety caused by the terrible attack on their helpless fellow-citizens by the miners and by the savage rioting of a band of mad women . . . it is a relief like that given after winter by the first sunshine of spring to turn our thoughts to some of the beauties and wonders offered to us by our great Mother Nature."—PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER.

"Good tailors never ask their customers for money."—JUDGE PARRY.

"MRS. BULL"
Every Tuesday. One Penny.

"FLOATING HELLS" FOR CATTLE.

By H. M. A.

[*The Gentle Art of "Bull-Punching" — Does the R.S.P.C.A. suffer from myopia?—Ill-treatment of cattle on Trans-Atlantic Ships—Worse Treatment of Cattlemen—An appeal to American students.*]

Next time you sit down to the grateful and sustaining steak, let your mental vision endeavour to form a short life-history of the animal a portion of which you are about to "discuss," and see to what a marvellous extent it will enhance the avidity of your appetite—for the theories of Mr. Eustace Miles.

From the moment it leaves the comparative calm of its American pasture to when it is anchored safely in the haven of your dining-room, the unfortunate Yankee (it is more than likely you are eating American meat) beast has, it is to be feared, passed through a bovine Inferno.

To what extent the toxic products formed in the animal's system by continual fear and horror may be responsible for the appalling increase of nervous disease in human beings, must be left to expert scientists to determine; but that there is a relation, however slight, of cause and effect in this matter, will not be doubted by those who have some knowledge of and sympathy with theosophic teaching, however far-fetched the idea may seem to the uninformed lay mind.

I left New York last July on a well-known cattle-boat. She is one of the largest and best equipped in the trade, carrying 300 saloon passengers and about 1,000 head of cattle. After spending 10 days aboard her I was forced to the conclusion that, if she is one of the largest and best, Satan only knows what it must be like on the meaner boats.

One's *first* impression on passing down the long rows of cattle before the ship sails is far from unpleasant, the atmosphere being somewhat reminiscent of a well-kept farmyard at home, and naturally anything rural appeals to the exiled Britisher, reviving memories of what is to him (and also to many intelligent foreigners) the loveliest country side in the world.

But oh! the change in that rustic air after the cattle have been penned down for 9 or 10 days. The horrible, sickly fœtor arising from the poor unkempt animals is beyond my power to describe.

The conditions under which the cattle travel is *necessarily* cruel, as, however well-intentioned the cattlemen may be, nine-tenths of them have had no previous experience with stock, and consequently do not know how to handle them, and can hardly learn in a short apprenticeship of a little over a week.

Then, again, though they are fed amply (for the market) twice a day, they are watered only *once*. In hot weather this is, I have no hesitation whatever in saying, a diabolical scandal. Whilst acting as night-watchman on this ship, I *repeatedly* tried the experiment about 11 or 12 o'clock at night of giving a little water to one of them, when all the other poor wretches within sight began lowing and stretching out their necks towards the bucket I held. But, of course, however well-intentioned, three night-watchmen could not water a thousand head of cattle "on their own," and, moreover, the "boss" cattleman would not allow it. I have some idea that they think that torturing the animals by thirst improves the meat.

Imagine yourself going 24 hours without water during a heat wave.

For *active* cruelty perhaps the horsemen are the worst. There were two beautiful trotting horses on this ship, and one of them had an ugly gash on its muzzle that could not have come there by accident. It was possible to tell by their intense nervousness when I tried to give them handfuls of corn at night that they had been tormented. When I say that I have seen one of the horsemen deliberately and causelessly twisting a steer's neck round by its horns, there is little doubt as to who was responsible for the horse's injury. I do not know whether the R.S.P.C.A. is asleep, deliberately myopic (the inspectors are its eyes) or careless, but if they will pay my exes. at Tilbury till the right boat comes in (name and address from John Bull), I will point out two brutes of horsemen who want careful watching by the aforesaid inspectors, whom I must say I have not found to be too obtrusively prominent when a boat arrives.

I have not the slightest doubt I could point them out, and then the Society could look for traces of their handiwork among the animals.

Of course, there are some decent chaps, even among the cattlemen; and here let me make an earnest appeal to the University students of the U.S.A., as gentlemen, to abandon their frequent habit of beginning their educative trip to "Yurrup" by working the Atlantic part of the journey as "bull-punchers." This is a gross injustice to many Europeans who are starving in America, and who wish to return home, as the students' practice of cutting down expenses in this manner has reduced the occupation of cattlemen from the comparatively well-paid one of about 25 dollars a trip (there is nothing to do on the return voyage) to a job given only to the favoured individuals who are able to find 8 dollars, which has to be paid to a frowsy German at an "Agency" in Greenwich Street, New York. Therefore several poor devils hang around this agency for weeks trying to get away in vain.

It is a crying disgrace that British shipping firms should allow "crimped" labour of this kind to be recruited for their ships; and I am confident that, if some of the American college students realised that they were doing deserving men out of a job, they would abandon this false economy.

Of course, the companies would disclaim any responsibility for the crimping, because the cattleman has no status on board, being neither a passenger nor on the ship's strength, but is nominally employed by the great beef packers who consign the cattle.

The consequences of this may be found in the disgusting quality of the food supplied to the men—it is almost unbelievably bad. *Two* small rolls *per diem* only are allowed to each man, and the *stew!!!*—it is always stew—what it *is* no man but the ship's cook and the chief steward knoweth; but it appears to be the leavings of the firemen and sailors thrown into lukewarm hogwash.

By Board of Trade regulation, the fortunate sailors and firemen are entitled to a definite quantity and quality of food fixed by schedule, and if any of the articles are not forthcoming well-defined substitutes must be supplied. But there is semi-starvation for cattlemen on boats belonging to anti-slavery Britain in A.D. 1912.

[* Since this article was written, striking confirmation of "H. M. A.'s" statement that the quality of the meat must be affected by the ill-treatment of the animals during transport appeared in a recent issue of the *Daily Mail*. The paragraph is as follows:—"Charged with exposing bad meat for sale at Paris, a cattle breeder pleaded that the meat had gone bad because the ox was hysterical." The plea supported by veterinary evidence, was successful, the charge being dismissed. It is, of course, well established that the meat of coursed hares is poisonous.]

WHAT IS MORMONISM?

THE GLORIFICATION OF FILTHY PHALLICISM.

Most primitive religions have been founded upon the veneration of the generative principle, symbolized by images—called phallic worship. Even to-day, in remote parts of India, the Government is experiencing difficulty in suppressing the orgies which form part of the ritual of such belief. Mormonism teaches that there are many gods, who are male and female, were once human beings, *have fleshy bodies with every human organ, and in a condition to multiply for ever and ever*. It teaches that the one great object of the creation of the world was that bodies might be prepared for departed spirits. No man or woman, separate and single, can attain the fulness of celestial glory; perfection can only be attained by perpetual increase. The founder of this creed laid it down that every female should demand of either individuals or the Government, the privilege of becoming a mother. Any person who fails to breed in this world is damned in the next.

Polygamy becomes thus practically an object of worship with the Mormon. The men and women who can bear the most children attain the highest happiness hereafter. It is firmly believed by all good Mormons that so soon as a child is born a departed spirit enters into its body, and in due course commences to breed again.

Such is Mormonism.

THE OLD FOUNTAIN-PEN TRICK AGAIN!

REVIVAL OF THE "HOME-WORK" DODGE.

We have received several complaints regarding the Waterman Speciality Company, of 74, City Road. This concern advertises in provincial papers, offering 35s. a week to good handwriters for "genuine home employment." A person replying receives a promising answer, requesting the investment of 3s. 6d. in a "splendid fountain pen," with which to address envelopes for a remuneration of 10s. a thousand. A Bradford reader sent the money and got a very inferior stylo pen, worth a mere fraction of the 3s. 6d., and 150 poor-quality envelopes. With this consignment came a letter requesting him to write on the envelopes the names and addresses of all his friends and relations, and return them to City Road, when the company would send him 1s. 6d., being at the rate of 10s. per thousand! It was also suggested that he should canvass with the pen, and get friends to purchase for 4s. 6d. As the letter stated that the amount sent for the pen would be refunded if desired, our correspondent naturally returned the goods and demanded his money back. Receiving no reply, a fortnight later he sent a threatening note—whereupon, instead of the cash, came another pen of a better quality, alleged to be worth 10s. 6d., which had had a name erased from the holder.

It is an old dodge, practised at the expense of persons to defraud whom is especially despicable. Some of the practitioners of it have got into very serious trouble. The deception is rendered not the less serious by the fact that it is carried on with the aid of the name of a well-known and highly respectable firm of fountain-pen makers, Messrs. Waterman—who, it is hardly necessary to say, have no connection with the City Road people.

"POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCES."

"JEAMES" TAKES UP THE CUDGELS.

Our recent paragraph under the above heading has brought us many letters ridiculing the complaints of our original correspondent. We print a specimen below.

"FOOTMAN" writes:—

I think your correspondent is the limit. He says as a page boy his hours were 5 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. Now, unless he was in an hotel, I doubt the necessity for the latter hour. The boy in nearly all houses, whether hall boy or page, has no work to last him till 11.30 p.m., and usually long before that time he is told to "nip" off to bed. He has now had five years' experience, and gets £18 per annum. We will let this stand, but I think the majority of men-servants will wink the other eye at 5 a.m. as the time for rising. Why doesn't he say 6 at the earliest? Well, he gets up at 5 a.m., scrubs the pantry every morning (does he really?) and does other duties before calling two gentlemen. Now, say he calls the gentlemen at 7.30, which is quite early for his 9 o'clock breakfast; this gives him two and a half hours (from 5 a.m.) to do the duties he mentions. Well, if he takes that time he's deuced slow. If I had two hours in that way, my dining table would be laid and dishes in the kitchen *before* breakfast, as mine always are. Now, who helps him lay the breakfast and take in tea? I should have imagined by the general tone of his letter that he is single-handed; but no, someone helps him—then why is he so hard done by in other duties? As for cleaning on an average four windows a day, it must be a large house like the Crystal Palace, or else the gentry are mighty particular. Fancy any fool cleaning four windows a day at this time of the year! In the afternoon when he returns off the car he "changes quickly"—this usually means *taking off your motor or carriage coat*. Then he helps take in tea, but doesn't say "help" again when he clears and washes up. In conclusion, if he is single-handed, who helps him? Then, if there is a butler, why does he have to lock up at night? The way he can escape his "inhuman treatment" is simple—take another job, and if five years' experience can't get him a job worth £22 to £24 per annum, it's his own fault.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii of Cover

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CLXXXVII.

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

A TRAGEDY OF THE COAL STRIKE.

We have verified the facts contained in the following letter, and find them to be as stated.

I now write these few lines asking if you can help me in my distress, as I have 5 children and husband out of employment through the coal strike. I am unable to work myself, suffering from consumption, and have had my husband laid up in infirmary with bronchitis, and lately I have had to part with all my home for my children. I have only left myself a bedstead and two chairs. Unless someone comes to my rescue the workhouse is our last resource, as at present we have had to live on half a loaf (dry) to feed five for days, Sunday all day with nothing, no food or fire. This morning my husband had to part with his coat and boots for a meal. My husband is willing to take any work offered him to save us from the workhouse to be parted from our children. At present we are in two empty rooms.

I hope you will investigate my case, which you will find most deserving and genuine. We are both abstainers, and in great poverty through no fault of our own. My husband can get good reference from last employer, as coal carman.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:

CLXXXIII.—K. and G., 1s.

CLXXXIV.—K. and G., 1s.; R. C., 1s.

CLXXXV.—K. and G., 1s.; R. C., 1s.; "Rahdol," 6d.; "Naughty Polly," 2s. 6d.

CLXXXVI.—A. D., 21s.; R. C., 1s.; "The Club," 1s.; "York Leaguer," 1s.; "Nugget," 2s. 6d.; W. D., 5s.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our "Human Document" fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises. We shall be glad to hear from others willing to assist in this work. We defray all expenses of every kind, including the cost of special investigation into the circumstances of each case.

RECEIPTS

LONDON.—Mr. A. J. Blowes, Colville, King's Road, Chelsea, 3s. 2½d.; Mr. H. Rogerson, 10, King Street, Portman Square, W., 1s.; Mr. S. Barr, 251, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, 7d.; Mr. W. White, Clarendon, Clarendon Road, Holland Park, 5s.; Mr. R. H. Gillard, The Cedars Hotel, North End Road, Kensington, 18s.; Mr. W. J. Ball, Printer's Arms, Lower Kennington Lane, S.E., 1s. 9½d.; Mr. G. F. Hall, Black Horse, 254, Tabard Street, Borough, 9d.; Mr. G. Edwards, Clayton Arms, Kennington Road, 3s. 0d.; Mrs. A. J. Chadesworth, 90, London Road, S.E., 1s. 5d.; Mr. M. Pollack, Carpenter's Arms, Newington Butts, S.E., 1s. 9½d.; Mr. W. H. Deathe, 1a, Marshalsea Road, Southwark, 9d.; Mr. A. H. Ash, 156, Weston Street, Long Lane, Bermondsey, 1s. 1d.; Mr. F. Pavey, 63, Long Lane, Bermondsey, 1s.; Mr. F. Shields, The Cricketers, Newington Butts, S.E., 1s.; The Manager, 6, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., 7½d.; Mr. A. E. Taylor, The Albion, Sussex Street, Pimlico, 9d.; Mr. H. Chivers, 96, Wilton Road, Pimlico, 1d.; Mr. A. Heep, 3, Denbigh Place, Pimlico, 8d.; Mr. T. H. Rawlings, Bessborough Arms, Bessborough Place, 1s. 8d.; Mr. J. Money, 23, Pimlico Road, 1s. 2½d.; Messrs. Bridge and Co., 48, Brompton Road, S.W., 1s. 7½d.; Mr. W. H. Appleford, Adam and Eve, Kensington, 1s.; Mr. Howard Pont, Campden Arms, Campden Street, Kensington, 2½d.; Mr. D. C. Bardrick, Churchill Arms, Church Street, Kensington, 2s.; Messrs. S. Cohen and Co., 70, High Street, Kensington, 9d.; Mr. E. H. Gilbert, Crown Hotel, High Street, Kensington, 6d.; Mr. T. Matcham, 80, Richmond Road, Bayswater, 1s.; Messrs. Harris and Co., 10, Marble Arch, W., 7d.; Mr. G. E. Berry, 1a, Adam Street, Portman Square, 3d.; Mr. G. W. H. Pryer, Black Lion, 22, Bayswater Terrace, W., 2s. 9d.; Mr. Joseph, 21, Black Lion Yard, Whitechapel, 2s. 1d.; Mr. E. T. Primm, The Cock, Waltham Green, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. C. Heath, 16, Seagrave Road, Fulham, 8½d.; Mr. H. Bowden, 12, Lillie Road, Fulham, 8½d.; Mr. C. Vernesco, Blue Posts, Kingly Street, Regent Street, W., 6d.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. R. D. Adams, 75, Islingwood Road, 4½d.; Mr. W. D. Barker, 92, Preston Drive, 4d.; Mr. H. Conner, 88, Elm Grove, 1d.; Mr. J. H. Olliver, Bridge Inn, New England Road, 3d.; Mr. J. M. Silvester, Alley Arms, Bristol Gardens, Kemp Town, 6d.; Mr. A. M. Chatfield, 195, Preston Road, 1d.; Mr. G. J. Braf, Britannia Arms, Cavendish Street, 3d.

GLASGOW.—Mr. J. Phœnix, 534, Argyle Street, 1s. 0½d.; Mr. W. Ormond, 337, Sauchiehall Street, 5d.; Mr. A. Stevenson, 180, London Street, 1s. 2½d.; Mr. J. Proctor, 36, Shuttle Street, 3d.; Mr. John Bolesworth, 333, Paisley Road, 4d.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. Athorn, 71, Broad Street, Park, 4½d.; Mr. C. H. Fisher, Royal Exchange Hotel, Garden Street, 6d.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. L. Bernstein, 5, Sherlock Street, 11d.; Mr. J. Lowe, Baltic Inn, Hope Street, 6d.; Mr. E. Baker, 3, Aston Road, 1d.

Total £3 11s. 9½d., of which we have allocated to CLXXXI.—10s.; CLXXXII.—10s.; CLXXXIII.—11s. 9½d.; CLXXXIV.—10s.; CLXXXV.—15s.; CLXXXVI.—15s.

STRIKE PICTURES.

SOME VIGNETTES FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEWS.

By Richard Morton.

I.—The Single Man.

"Hullo, lads, where'st going?"

"Jim's backed his Polly for money agen Bill Trowell's Frisky." The two whippets, dainty, alert and eager, strain on the leash in the middle of the group. "Best come along wi' us to the ground, and see a bit o' sport. Where's brother Fred?"

"Oh, he's packed up a paper parcel with a shirt and collar in it and gone off to see his girl for a week or two. And Amos, he's into the City, to see the shows and make things hop. Don't often get two holidays a year, he says."

II.—The Married Man.

"John, dear, do you know there's nowt in the house for the bairns but a few crusts o' dry bread? What'll us do?" The white, pinched face of the mother was eloquent in pleading, not for herself, but for her little ones.

"Dunno, lass." The man was heavy, dispirited, cowed. "I've got no brass, and there's no trust no longer. I'll go out and about, and see if I can get summat. There's friends—but they're most in the same boat."

"John, dear, why not go back to work?"

"Me, lass? Be a blackleg?"

"You wouldn't see the little 'uns starve? Yes, be a blackleg, if that's what they'd call you. We have got to live, and we're famishing now."

The man looked round uneasily, shiftily. "I'd be a blackleg this minute, if I dare, but I daresn't. There's many like me, as wants to work, but we can't go in if some hold out. I'll go and see what I can get."

He took up his cap and slouched out shamefacedly. He would sooner have been a worker than a beggar.

III.—The Employer.

"And must you go back to the works to-night, dear?" It was after dinner, and the appearance of the lady, beautifully gowned and bejewelled, the table so luxuriously set, and the man in evening-dress looking so rosy and comfortable, certainly seemed to show that this house, at least, was not yet materially affected.

"Yes, confound it! I must look in again, to see that things have been carried out as I ordered. Never worked so hard in my life! I've put in four solid hours already. It's slow murder."

"It's an awful nuisance, dear. And how long do you think the trouble will last?"

"Until the beggars cave in. They'll have to, sooner or later. Till then, it's toil, toil, toil for us."

"But the clerical staff is loyal, is it not?"

"Rather. Working like steam engines, all day and all night, too. It often hits me what a funny thing it would be if the clerks went on strike. We *should* be in a hole. Well, ta-ta, dear; shan't be long."

IV.—Another Married Man.

"What, Mike! You're looking black, man. What is it?"

Mike, strong, fat, and lazy, passed a damp hand over a dry mouth. "No work," he said, shortly.

"No work!" laughed the other. "Why, I never knew you do a day's work in your life, 'cept carry home the washing."

"That's just it," returned Mike. "There's no washing doing. Missis ain't got no coal!"

MORE RAPID REVIEWS.

BY OUR CURT AND CANDID CRITIC.

The Human Cry.—Made us fairly scream.
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The Grey Stocking.—A darned good yarn.

THE DARK BRIGADE.

A PARODY.

Half a mile, p'raps a mile,
Downward and onward,
All in the bowels of the earth
Sink men by the hundred.
"Forward, the light evade!
Down, and get coal!" they said;
Into the valley of shade
Vanished each hundred.

"Forward, the light evade!"
Was there a man afraid?
Though death is certain if
Anyone blunder'd;
Theirs but to journey quick
Down where the gloom is thick,
And by the stroke of pick
Tear from the cruel mine
Coal—by the hundred!
Workings to right of them,
Workings to left of them,
Workings at rear of them,
Echoed and thunder'd;
'Mid walls of grime and grit,
Like to the bottomless pit,
Smiting the face of it,
Sweat every hundred.

Toiling with bodies bare,
Hot in the poisoned air,
Battling with blackness there,
So deep down below, that
All the world wonder'd;
Breathing a dust-like smoke,
Throats dry enough to choke,
Glad when black diamonds
Fall 'neath the pickaxe stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd;
So they send up to earth
Coal—by the hundred!

Toil in their early days,
Toil still in front of them,
Picks all around them
Hammered and thunder'd;
Leaving the light where dwell
Those that they love so well,
Facing a daily death,
In the black mouth of hell
Toil they and moil they,
Many a hundred.

When can their story fade?
Who can the men upbraid
If someone has blunder'd?
Think of them, deep, deep down,
When next you buy in town
Coal—by the hundred.

Ricardo.

OUR AGONY COLUMN.

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KxxR HxxDxE.—Is it true that you repudiated any connection with us? You are advised, in your own interest, not to play the part of a St. Peter; else the cock will crow to some purpose.—SYNDICALIST.

FOUND.—Between the Mansion House and Aldgate Pump, a lump of Coal.—Apply at NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

BxLFxxR.—Play the game. You know I am leader now. Why butt in when there happens to be a crisis? What's the idea—to make me look small? The papers will be saying B.L.M.G. if you do it again. Edge off.—BxNxR LxW.

BEN.—MANN wants but little here below. But gets more than he wants, you know.—TOM.

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would be in good taste—apart from being more Stylish and more Comfortable. . . For Evening Wear . . Garden Wear . . Golf . . Cycling . . Tennis . . Boating—for all but strictly formal occasions—this hat is ideal in every respect.

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23-29 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.
53 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.
97 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.
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Was there a man afraid?
Though death is certain if
Anyone blunder'd;
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And by the stroke of pick
Tear from the cruel mine
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Workings to right of them,
Workings to left of them,
Workings at rear of them,
Echoed and thunder'd;
'Mid walls of grime and grit,
Like to the bottomless pit,
Smiting the face of it,
Sweat every hundred.

Toiling with bodies bare,
Hot in the poisoned air,
Battling with blackness there,
So deep down below, that
All the world wonder'd;
Breathing a dust-like smoke,
Throats dry enough to choke,
Glad when black diamonds
Fall 'neath the pickaxe stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd;
So they send up to earth
Coal—by the hundred!

Toil in their early days,
Toil still in front of them,
Picks all around them
Hammered and thunder'd;
Leaving the light where dwell
Those that they love so well,
Facing a daily death,
In the black mouth of hell
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HOW THE MINERS HAVE BEEN SOLD.

By T. Good.

The miners are sold! Just as the nation in general is suffering from the ineptitude of Government run on Party lines, so in the near future will the miners in particular suffer from the misleadership of their Federation and their Labour Party. Their splendid organisation has been prostituted. The poor fellows will go back to work without any settlement worthy the name, their funds depleted, the efficiency of their unions impaired, and under conditions that will soon become harsher and crueller than anything experienced by the present generation.

The Thin End of the Wedge.

To begin with, this measure, if it becomes operative, will not settle more than one point in the dispute. It will give the miners nothing more than the bare bone of a marrowless "principle." All the material points in difference, such as the district rates of payment, the grade rates, the vexed "abnormal place" difficulty, the delicate question of aged, infirm, and indolent workers, and the so-called "safeguards," are left to be fought out by the proposed joint committees. Now, if the miners, with their powerful unions, and with the wonderfully solid backing they have invariably given their agents and leaders, have failed to secure fair terms of employment, through their conciliation boards, joint conferences, and so forth—if they have failed to obtain all they desire by these means—how are they going to succeed through the new joint committees, presided over by Government officials or nominees? As a matter of fact, the men's bargaining powers will be weakened. The miners, from their very numbers and unique powers of negotiating, of fighting, or of threatening to fight, ought to be the last class of workers in the world to accept anything that is likely to lead to compulsory arbitration. This Bill is the thin end of the wedge of compulsory arbitration, if it is not the whole wedge. I am not here condemning arbitration from a public point of view. Indeed, arbitration might be a good thing. I am simply dealing with this matter from a miner's standpoint. Such sweated and badly organised workers as tailors, seamstresses, chainmakers, and others, may have much to gain from Government interference and compulsory arbitration; but the miners are different.

Who is to Gain?

Let us get down to the bed-rock facts. Whether any specific figures are put in this Bill or not (it seems that the figures are to be settled by the joint committees hereafter), or whether the Bill passes or not, whether the so-called minimum wage is secured with or without the Bill, the leaders are demanding nothing more than minimum rates *below* the present average earnings. See what this means. The bulk of the colliers, already earning considerably more than the minimum demanded, can by no stretch of imagination hope to gain anything. Now what about those earning less than the minimum? It is laid down, that aged, infirm, and indolent men are to be excluded from the minimum. The demand, therefore, is farcical. The best paid colliers are already above the minimum. The aged, infirm, and indolent men earning less than the minimum are to continue to earn less. But that is not all. These men below the minimum level—most of them aged men who, having reared their families, are quite content with earnings below what they made in their younger days when their expenses were greater, as well as their energies—are to be haled before these new joint committees, questioned and cross-questioned, their ages, heights, weights, and abilities considered, and are then to be ticketed, numbered, and branded as incompetents, outside the pale of the law.

There remains the lower paid day-wage men who work about the shafts, roadways, etc. If these men can secure a minimum of 5s. per day, those who at present get less than that figure, and who are not judged as aged, infirm, or indolent men, will gain a trifle; but such men will be few and far between. Many of these lower paid day-wage men are broken-down hewers, and will be excluded from the minimum. It comes to this, then, that so many men are already above the minimum, and so many of those below it will still be excluded that it is a generous estimate to say that one man in twenty stands to gain anything.

Creating a New Danger.

Under the altered conditions the minimum wage will bring it is not only a certainty that the aged will be excluded from the benefits of the system, but it is probable they will be excluded from employment at *any* wage. There will be many disputes as to whether such and such men are to be included or excluded, and the owners will eventually settle, or avoid, the disputes by weeding out the men in question. One of the necessary evils of the standard time wage in manufacturing industries is the exclusion of elderly men. In the mining industry, with its piecework system, there is room for the elderly men content with a more moderate wage, even at the coal-face, to say nothing of the lighter work on the roadways. Under the minimum wage many aged men will lose their employment. That will not only be bad for the aged men, it will be bad for the industry. The aged men are the experienced and cautious men—the men who avoid accidents. Weed them out, leave nothing but young and reckless men in the pits, and you will soon see the accident death-rate mount up. The minimum wage, like the Eight Hours Act, will bring more dangers, disasters, and deaths.

The Butty and Bully System.

Moreover, a minimum wage means a time wage; a time wage means supervision; and this, in turn, involves the abolition of the individual piece-work system, under which most men get good wages, and many of them get high wages. This is where the men have been badly deceived. Their misleaders have got them on strike on an impossible demand. The demand, as advanced and understood, is for a guaranteed time wage in addition to the existing piece-work system. The men have been led to expect that the piece rates, enabling them to earn good wages when in good places and putting forth their best efforts, are to remain in force, but that supplementary to this system, and concurrently with it, there is to be a time wage below which they cannot fall when in bad places, or failing to put forth their best efforts. The thing is impossible. When it was seen that the Eight Hours Act had seriously aggravated the "abnormal place" difficulty, the owners candidly admitted the men had a real grievance, and a solution was looked for. But—and this was the cardinal blunder (outside Wales)—at the very time when the "abnormal place" problem was being discussed, with every prospect of settlement, the men were tricked by a certain school of extremists into advancing the unwise demand for an all-round minimum for all places, good and bad. The lines of real progress were deserted for a shadowy principle. The principle may be obtained, by legislation or otherwise; but it will lead to the weeding out of the old men, the speeding up of the young ones, the universal adoption of the "butty" system, and the actual coal-getters will have to work at a piece rate for a time wage. The "butties" will bully the men on to their uttermost exertions for the *minimum* wage. Many a good collier will find his earnings cut down by half. There will be more machines and fewer men in the pits; and there will be more bustling and bullying.

The Government's Mistake.

Now look at the other aspect of the matter. The Government was faced with the problem of settling the strike when negotiations between owners and leaders broke down. How was the problem tackled? It was forgotten that it was a million mine workers, and not a dozen leaders, who were on strike. It was forgotten that half the men had little or no desire to strike on such a shadowy issue, and that the half that voted for the strike had been misled. Out of the million men only half a million voted to support the strike. A ballot on the owners' amended terms, a ballot of all the men, union and non-union, would have shown a big majority for acceptance, and an orderly return to work. But the very promise of the Wage Bill revived the influence of the mischief-makers, while the discussion of the measure prolongs the strike. If it passes it will intensify the difficulties. The immediate danger is that Government, leaders and owners will play and parley until the rot sets in among the men and they return to work in driblets, disorganised, defeated, and more than ever disappointed and discontented.

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OPEN LETTERS.

To Dr. E. C. Thomas, Medical Officer of Health, Lampeter.

Dear Doctor,—I am very glad indeed to notice the outspokenness of your annual report to the District Council of Lampeter, which I gather offers incomparably inferior attractions to, say, such health resorts as Monte Carlo. Remarking on the decrease of population in the district, you say it is no wonder the young men and women of rural Wales are anxious to get away for industrial centres when it is considered that when their day's work is done, not only are no healthy attractions offered them, but that in places they are even compelled to sleep in apartments over cowsheds, stables, and even pig-styes. "What with the fleas, rats, mice, and every other kind of vermin," you tell the Council, "as well as the stench below, the conditions are sufficient to suffocate the strongest man."

I fear that what you say does not apply to Wales alone. Most people who have experience of the remoter ruralism realise as you do, doctor, that the exodus from the soil will never be stayed until the population is more decently housed and more pleasantly attracted and retained in their surroundings by the establishment of centres of physical and mental recreation. It is little use nowadays for parsons to preach the virtues of humility and self-sacrifice to young men and women who sweat all day in the labours of field and farm, and at night lie down to rest above the reeking vapours of stye or stall or cowshed. Their friends who have ventured into the towns return with stories of regions of light and life worth living; and little by little, but in ever-increasing proportion, the rural population pours into the towns to enlarge and embitter the general struggle for existence.

This matter has too long been left to the squire and the parson, who have either neglected or toyed with it. To the squire his rents, to the farmer the sweat of his hire, to the parson his sermons on the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to the High Court of Parliament the clash of Party against Party for Party's sake. Meanwhile the blood our soil most needs is flowing out in the noontide of its strength and vigour, and unless we awake to our duty the time will come when the soil will be drained dry, when plough and harrow and threshing machine will be forgotten implements of British labour, and when time for sowing and for reaping will be without purpose and without meaning—until our national manhood and fibre are exhausted—and others take our place.

John Bull.

To the Chief Constable, Coventry.

Mr. Chief,—You recently conducted a case in which a policeman, named Beale, who appears to be booked for promotion of sorts, charged a man named Jennings with assault. You opened to the magistrates with a statement of the circumstances, doubtless made to you by the officer. It must, however, be now clear to you, Sir, that you were deceived. What led to the trouble was no doubt correctly stated by a voluntary witness, a complete stranger to the man in custody. This witness testified that Jennings was quietly standing near the Market Hall, that without any provocation whatever the policeman went up to him, pushed him twice, and then struck him, and when he fell to the floor, "dragged him along." The man then shouted: "Won't anyone come and speak for me? I have done nothing," the constable immediately answering, "If anyone else comes I shall have him as well." The constable having got the man to the police-station, charged him before Superintendent Imber, who, however, refused to receive the case, and while the superintendent was absent in his private office adjusting some matters before the release, the man alleges that the constable and another officer "rushed at him," whereupon he retaliated in self-defence. The result of the assault charge which followed was that the magistrates fined the man—5s. and costs.

Now, Mr. Chief, I submit that this offers you material for investigation. I need not remind you that an assault on the police is invariably regarded by magistrates as a serious matter, not a merely venial offence to be purged by a paltry 5s. fine. I would also press on your notice that the magistrates gave a specific reason for their leniency. "There are circumstances in the case," said the chairman, "which induce the magistrates to take a more lenient view of the offence than probably they would have done otherwise."

John Bull.

To Mr. Fred Cooper, Farmer, Parish Council, Ashen, Essex.

My Dear Pooh-Bah,—Hearty greeting on your appointment as Ashen Parish Council. Duty is duty, and as the Council has not met for some time you have been officially appointed it in all its varied aspects until the end of the year. I shall not disguise from you, my dear Cooper, that if the position is one of honour, power, and glory, it is also one necessitating a great deal of ability, leisure, and tact. As Clerk of the Council, you will be required to summon yourself with regularity and advise yourself on the legal aspects of your proceedings, while if you forget the appointment you have made with yourself it will undoubtedly be your duty to bring your conduct before yourself with a view to demanding an explanation and apology and administering a caution. As Chairman of the Council your will be required to control your own proceedings and direct your own debates, and you will be expected to propose the resolutions, to rise and say a few words in seconding, to put them to yourself for approval, and carry them in the usual manner, recording the same on the minutes. If for any reason you are unable to attend as Chairman, you must not forget to inform yourself as Clerk at the earliest possible moment, so that you can act as Vice-Chairman.

Naturally you will have complete control over the gas lamp, the parish pump, the lamplighter, the road sweeper, the rate collector, the chief accountant, the district surveyor, the cash box, and the red tape—responsibilities not lightly undertaken or easily borne. On the other hand, my dear Cooper, the appointment has some compensating advantages, for you may hold your meetings in an arm-chair or on a horse, a bicycle, a fence, or during a walk; carry yourself *nem. con.*, *nem. diss.*, or *unan.*, convince yourself by the most eloquent oration or by the most profound silence; vote by ballot and count yourself as many times over as you please; and move, second, and carry with acclamation a vote of thanks to yourself for your invaluable services to the community. On the whole, therefore, I think I may congratulate you on attaining this high, unique, and responsible position in national affairs in times of grave and far-reaching unrest. The world knows little of its greatest men, my dear Cooper, and this is probably why it has hitherto known so little of you. Now you have one foot on the Himalayas and the other on the Appenines, and we can all see you. The Hour has brought forth the Man.

John Bull.

To Dr. Waldo, City Cold Meat Inquisitor, Corpus Home Chambers, E.C.

Mr. Inquisitor,—On various occasions my attention has been drawn to the manner in which you advertise your erudition at inquests over which you preside, whenever you can get a dig at patent medicines. But has it ever struck you that, being a member of that most exclusive Trade Union, the Medical Council, you are infringing one of its Draconian rules in the matter of a medico advertising himself? It approaches what your Council calls "infamous conduct." A lawyer's clerk suicided by the aid of opium, and the expert analyst, Dr. Womack, volunteered evidence to the effect that several patent medicines contain drugs enough to cause death, whereupon you asked, "Then many children may die as the result of being given these medicines, and nobody be the wiser?" and the doctor replied, "Oh, yes." Now, Mr. Inquisitor, what had the deaths of children to do with the lawyer's suicide? Children were not the subject of your enquiry, and, furthermore, you ought to know that children do not die from the effects of patent medicines. Are you aware that there are no patent medicines sold containing poison without being labelled "Poison," and, as a sensible man, do you think that people with up-to-date enlightenment will take a patent medicine with a "Poison" label on it? You know they don't. I challenge you to name any patent medicine containing a scheduled poison which is not so labelled. Why don't you take up the challenge of a firm which has entered a protest against you in the *Chemist and Druggist*? In conclusion, let me state that, from enquiries I have made, I find that since the 1908 "Poison Act" came into force, *no* deaths have occurred through taking patent medicines, but, on the contrary, hundreds of deaths are reported through the indiscriminate sale of scheduled poisons by chemists and others; whilst, to bring it closer home to your Profession, scores of deaths have occurred under medically applied anæsthetics. Physician, heal thyself.

John Bull.

GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

The latest features in the stock markets are the further development of the *Copper* boom, a recovery in *Nigerian Tin* shares, active dealings and important advances in *P. and O. and other Shipping* shares, a further rise in *Marconis* and *General Omnibus*, and renewed strength in *Oil* shares, especially *Maikops*. *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians* are strengthening again. In the latter-named, the resumption of the upward movement under the lead of *Chartered* is fully anticipated, and with them a sharp rise in *Goldfields Rhodesian Developments*. *Diamond* shares would no doubt receive a fillip from the *De Beers* dividend, now daily expected, if it should come up to market estimates of 12s. 6d. to 15s. per share, against 10s. last year. After a relapse, *Consols* are rallying, partly under the influence of the reform in the method of transfer by deed, personal attendance at the Bank being no longer necessary. It has taken a long time indeed to cut this antiquated bit of red tape. The *Yankee market* is being powerfully supported by the Wall Street professionals, and there are strong indications that trade in the United States is improving, which should more especially help the metals, *Copper*, *Tin* and *Steel*. *Canadian Rails* are firmer in sympathy with *Yankees*, but *Home Rails* are naturally suffering from the coal strike, which has for the last three weeks inflicted losses in receipts of over a million and a-half sterling. The end is now, fortunately, in sight, and with it should set in a strong upward movement all round the markets, especially when next week Treasury disbursements will bring about easier money conditions. Foreigners are dull, *Russian bonds* lower, while *Mexican Rails* are still interfered with by the revolutionary trouble. *Argentine Rails* are, however, rallying, and *Rubber* is remarkably strong, so much so that a further improvement in the leading shares would be fully justified. It is surprising that *Northern Ontario Exploration* do not respond to the favourable statements at the meeting, considering the assets work out to 1½, and they have £100,000 liquid assets with which to deal with some important mining propositions in California, Alaska and elsewhere, which the engineers are now inspecting. Yet the price is only ⅛-1.

The Progress of Oil—Oil for Baking and Oil for Railway Engines—Favourable Maikop Developments—Grozny Oils to the Front.

The oil share market has at times been remarkably strong, with *Shell Transports* at 96s., and although these are easier now at 95s. 3d., this was perhaps chiefly due to some realisations in connection with the Settlement. The disastrous coal strike is working wonders for the use of oil as fuel. Not only has it now been proved that it is of the greatest advantage for baking bread, but the Great Western Railway has made a test of solidified oil, which has proved most satisfactory. We know already that it is being adopted very largely for steamers, and also by the Admiralty. Hence the prospects of oil are greatly improved. Prices, moreover, are rising, and at Baku a very considerable advance has taken place. This should, of course, be also of the greatest importance to the Maikop oilfield, which is largely supplying Russia. The important increase in the output in the *Maikop Victory* of about 200 tons for last week, fully confirms the anticipations, already mentioned, of a very considerable advance in the output, and now we have the striking of a fountain by the Maikop Spies in Well No. 2, Plot 488, which produced 25,000 poods in five hours. Hence a fresh rise in Maikop shares. Anyone buying *Maikop Victory*, say, at ½prem., and *Black Sea Oilfields* at 1⅛, will see much higher prices and good dividends. *Anglo-Maikop*, too, are likely to benefit from the flotation of the Levanovskoe area, which Mr. George Tweedy is now arranging, and in which the *Anglo-Maikop* is to receive £126,000 as its share of the purchase consideration. *Egyptian Oil Trust* have advanced again to 4⅛, *Red Sea Oilfields* to 1½, on the statement that the *Royal Dutch Shell* combine, through the *Anglo-Saxon Company*, have decided to exercise their option, although the latter does not expire until May 15th, and to complete the purchase on the terms originally agreed upon. Production continues satisfactory, and a second shipment of oil by tank steamer is about to be made. Terms of amalgamation are reported between the *British Roumanian* and the *Roumanian Oilfields Company*.

The rise in the price of oil in Baku is, of course, of special importance also to the Grozny Oilfields, where the Spies Petroleum Company obtains its chief supply of oil. A demand is now setting in for the shares of the Grozny Oil Company, which owns seven plots, held direct from the Russian Government, adjacent to the property worked by the Spies Company; in fact, one (No. 117) is next to the Spies Company's boundary, only a short distance away from the oil spouter from which the Spies Company has obtained so large a yield. On this Plot 117, and on the same anticline as that worked by Spies, drilling will commence in a very short time. The development of the other plots, all of which are in excellent positions, will also be pushed on and boreholes located. The capital is £120,000 in £1 shares, fully paid, of which £70,307 has been subscribed, and ample working capital has been secured. The shares have advanced to 1⅛, and should go much higher.

The Shake-Out in Nigerian Tin Mines Followed by a Recovery—'Ware Doubtful New Issues.

It is to be hoped that the severe shake-out which has occurred in *Nigerian Tin Mines* has eliminated some of the weak elements, and also that it will deter the financiers behind the Anglo-Continental from again putting up unduly the price of these shares before full reports are available on the company's properties, and a sound basis is established for such a high valuation of the shares. At the same time, I maintain that there is nothing wrong with the Nigerian Tin field, and that in many instances bargains can now be secured by getting into the right companies. *Tin* is bound to remain at about present values, say, £193½, as there is a strong demand for the metal, which has not even been interfered with by the coal strike, although that has shut up some of the tin-plate works in this country. The market movements have been very drastic. *Anglo-Continental* have several times touched 3¼, and have finally recovered to 5⅛. *Champion Tin* are fairly steady at 1½, and *Lucky Chance* at ⅝. These two companies have floated the *Berrida Company*, the shares in which are now to be obtained at 1 for special settlement. *Keffi Tin* shares dropped at one time to 11s., but have now recovered again to 14s. 9d. *Naraguta* shares are steady at 1⅛, but there has been some liquidation in *Naraguta Extended*, which is now completed, and the market is rallying at 1⅛. They touched 1⅜ the other day, and it is a producing mine from which 45 tons per month are to be expected, to commence in May. *Nigerian Tin Corporation* are quiet at 2¼, and *Bauchi*, after a severe fall, are slowly rallying at 11s. 9d. *Rayfield Syndicate* fell at one time to 6¾, and now are quoted 8 again. *Rukuba* shares, after easing, are firmer at 1⅛. Of these shares the *Ida "H"* holds 50,000, which after the profits they made on the 12,000 shares they sold, cost them nothing, and I should, therefore, think that *Ida "H"* should rise sharply from the price of 10s. to which they have relapsed after touching 11s. 6d., the more so as they have a very good little West Australian mine. A good deal of interest centres in the report of the Champion Tin Company, as this was one of the pioneer companies as regards the Nigerian field, and took part in a number of important deals. I cannot refrain from again strongly urging my readers to be careful of the new companies, and not to commit themselves in them until they have made the fullest investigation, as in addition to some good ones, there are a number of bad and indifferent.

The Boom in Copper—Amalgamated Coppers at 82!—Arizona-Morenci.

There is every indication that copper and copper mines will play an active part in the near future of the stock markets. The news from the United States is most encouraging. Electrolytic copper is selling at the high price of 15 cents per lb. in New York, which is the top price since 1907, and it is also reported that the Calumet and Hecla Company has withdrawn all offers of copper metal from the market. Quite extravagant rumours are pending with regard to the *Amalgamated Copper* dividend, and these shares mark a further important advance at 82¾. *Arizona-Morenci* shares have eased off somewhat to 6s. 6d. to 7s., but the position is as favourable as ever, and the arrival of the President, the Hon. Stephen W. Dorsey, in this country, now furnishes an opportunity of obtaining the latest and most reliable information. As far as I have been able to glean, this is an exceptional opportunity of getting into a valuable property at a low price. The visible supply of copper for Europe has now fallen to 50,928 tons on March 15th, a fresh reduction of 579 tons during the fortnight, and the stock compares now with 82,387 tons at the end of February, 1911, and 113,455 tons at the end of February, 1910, while the price has advanced to 68 for cash. The demand in Europe has increased to a remarkable extent, and now the United States is also falling into line. A copper boom, therefore, seems to be assured, and even our French allies, who have been large Bears of Rio Tinto, are buying back, the price having now been raised to 74½.

Miscellaneous Boom Renewed—Market Bristling With Features.

The pause in the miscellaneous market did not last long, and the various specialities have developed greater strength than ever, the market fairly bristling with features. First and foremost, there is the remarkable boom in *P. and O. Deferred*, which now stand at 342½, as compared with the lowest this year of 247, and last year 213. Rumour is persistent that the break-up value of the stock, apart from future developments, is £500 per cent., but obviously this is only a rich man's investment. *Royal Mail* have gone up to 117 on hopes of a 7 per cent. dividend for 1911, as compared with 4 per cent. for 1910. Another feature has been the steady rise in *Houlder Line Prefs.* to 4¾, although at one time last year these stood at the comparatively rubbish price of 14s. 6d. A few weeks ago I gave some interesting information with regard to the position and prospects of *Hudson's Bays*, which showed that the same warranted a much higher price for the shares. The rise has not been long in coming, and the price now stands at 125, but I should not be surprised if it gradually reached 130. *Marconis* took a breather for a time, but the market has become stronger than ever again, and the old shares are up at 5¾. An arrangement between the company and the United States Government is now spoken of, also the probability of the shares being listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It is further understood that the company has made something like half-a-million out of the *Canadian Marconi*. The shares of the latter company are also enjoying a boomlet of their own, and have shot up to nearly 39s. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the coal trouble has resulted in a greatly increased demand for electric power, with consequent beneficial results to the London electric supply companies. Amongst the latter, the *City of London Company* is most prominent, and the intrinsic value of the shares is estimated at about £25 apiece, as compared with their present quotation of 19. I am glad to see that the threatened opposition to the *Millars' Karri* extensions has collapsed. The directors have taken the new spirited departure proposed in the best interests of the concern, and the same should serve to ensure the commanding position now held by the company in its particular branch of industry. The shares are a good industrial holding at about 24s. Another promising industrial investment, always supposing that the labour troubles are over, is *Vickers, Limited*. This company is paying 10 per cent. dividend for the past year, so that the yield at the present quotation of about 40s., is 5 per cent. per annum. The financial position is distinctly good, and £100,000 has been taken out of the past year's profits to completely wipe out the item of "goodwill and patents." The company starts the new year with big orders in hand, and with encouraging prospects generally. For some days past there has been a steady buying movement in *Allsopp 4½ per cent. Debentures*, which have come up from 49½ last year, to 64½. Does this mean that something is really to be done at last to place the fortunes of the concern on a better footing? One man's meat is another man's poison, and the *Marconi* developments are not likely to do the *Cable* companies any good. As a consequence, there has been a steady selling movement in the latter, which has chiefly affected *Eastern Telegraph* stock. The quotation of the latter is now 130—a fall of 11 points this year.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) *Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor,* John Bull, *2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

(2) *Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.*

(3) *Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.*

(4) *In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.*

(5) *If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

£200 Investment.—Ignorant.—Put the money into Wisconsin Central Railway 4 per cent. Bonds, issued at 93, and quoted at 1½ discount; and Royal Mail 4½ per cent. Debs., issued at 100, and quoted at ¼ discount. Messrs. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London, E.C., publish such books as that required.

£100 Investment.—Bull.—In the present condition of the markets it is very difficult to find a stock to fulfil your particular requirements. (1) On any further decline Home Rails would be suitable, especially the cheaper stocks, such as Great Northern Deferred. (2) Rupee Paper is based on the Indian Rupee currency, and the yield thereof, without allowing for Indian tax, is £3 13s. 6d. per cent. per annum.

Commonwealth Oil Corporation.—J. B.—The information is not yet available, and your best plan would be to make inquiries from the Secretary, Mr. C. F. Jones, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

Industrials.—Primrose.—Yours is a mixed lot of holdings, and there is little or no market for them. Perhaps the best of the lot is No. 4, but you should take an early opportunity of lightening your holdings.

Savings Bank.—E. W. P.—This institution successfully weathered the run, but you would sleep better if you transferred your money to the Post Office Savings Bank, where it would be absolutely safe.

Industrials.—Yorkshireman.—I do not care for either of the concerns in question, and the people referred to are nothing more than outside brokers. You must be aware that I advise dealing only with members of the Stock Exchange. You can find much better investments mentioned in my articles.

£1,000 Investment.—Copthall.—I advise you to distribute the money over the following selection of securities, having regard to the fact that you want as high a yield as possible:—Japanese Four per Cents. at 86¼; Peruvian Corporation Debentures at 107½; Grand Trunk Four per Cent. Guaranteed Stock at 92½; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Stock at 124½; and Atchison New 4½ per cent. Bonds, issued at 102½, quoted at ¾ discount.

Marconis.—A. R. S.—It is difficult to advise with regard to Marconis at the present juncture. All the indications point to a still further rise in prices, in view of the important developments which are in progress, but you have such a splendid profit on your holding that it is almost tempting Providence not to take it.

Shipping.—Tobacco.—As you wish to be in the swim, but cannot go in for the high-priced shares, you might buy yourself a few Furness Withys, this being also a promising shipping enterprise.

Calcutta Sweepstake.—E. C. W.—According to the new regulations, the Secretary of the Calcutta Turf Club is no longer allowed to issue these tickets except to members, and unless you know a member you cannot obtain one.—Anxious (Portsmouth).—Same reply.

Outside Brokers.—W. A. D. (Shrewsbury).—These are outside brokers, and I do not advise the connection. You should employ a member of the Stock Exchange.

Premium Bonds.—Austral.—No, these people are not reliable. What you require has been forwarded.—T. (Stoke Newington).—Same reply.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Royal London Mutual.—J. E. W. (Staffs.).—The policies having lapsed, you had no claim, and it would have been an act of grace to reinstate them. The Society having refused this, the agent could not render them liable. Documents are returned.

Royal London Friendly.—Plumber.—Owing to the question of funeral expenses, your friend had an insurable interest. You might obtain a declaration from the Society that they will pay at death. The policy is returned.

Liverpool Victoria Legal.—Hanford.—It is doubtful whether you would succeed, and you had better consult a local solicitor. I do not think that with the endorsement the policy is valueless.

Refuge Assurance.—River Mersey (Warrington).—The agent is quite right. You cannot assign *half* the sum insured.

Pearl, &c., Policies.—W. B. (S. Shields).—I strongly advise you to keep up your premium payments. There is nothing wrong with the funeral expense policies so styled, and the recovery of the premiums is very doubtful. The policies are returned.

Britannic Assurance.—Beneath.—I do not think you have any chance of getting your money back on this policy. To begin with, on the first policy the age was incorrectly given, and it is for funeral expenses. You should keep up your payments.

Benefit Investment Corporation.—League 1910.—It is quite impossible to give information about small concerns of this kind in remote provincial places. If you will send me a copy of the last balance-sheet, I will give you my view.

Refuge Insurance.—Mrs. M. J. (Abergwynfi).—I think you have been very foolish to sign such a paper, and I cannot understand that a respectable office should pay you less than what is due to you. You should certainly insist upon being paid. In case of need, employ a local solicitor.

Omnium Insurance.—H. M. E.—Are you not aware that this Company was taken over in June, 1911, by the United London and Scottish Insurance Company, which has now offices at the same place as the Omnium formerly occupied, 18, New Bridge Street, E.C.? The shareholders in the Omnium Company received one share of 1s. 6d. each in the capital of the United Scottish for each £1 share, 10s. paid, of the Omnium. Thus they lost 8s. 6d. per share, but they got rid of the liability of 10s. There is no market for these shares.

Wesleyan and General.—W. T. B.—You could not, of course, get a very high purchase price for your policy after five years' duration, and the offer is not unreasonable. It seems very doubtful whether you will be able to recover the premiums, and you had better continue to pay them, unless you would like to try your luck through a local solicitor.

Incorrect Name.—B. D.—The agent is wrong. The spelling of this name should be corrected, and if he will not see to it you should ask the head office to do so, about which there should be no difficulty, as the mistake is obvious.

Prudential Assurance Company.—S. J. W. (Rugby).—You could recover on suing and proving the facts. H. B. (Guelph, Ont.).—It is very hard, but as you are now in Canada you can do nothing. F. A (Lytham).—We can only repeat our advice. W. M. (Coventry).—Ask the Company to make you an allowance. M. S. (Crosshill).—The premiums are recoverable. R. C. (Rixham).—If the assured did not sign, the premiums are recoverable. Consult a good local solicitor. W. Y. (Glasgow).—Try and furnish the names of some of the agents collecting, and follow the matter up. B. A. (Rickmansworth).—You have let too much time go by to do anything now. E. H. (Newcastle).—The juvenile policies are good; the rest bad if the assured did not sign the proposal form. F. S. (Burnham-on-Crouch).—The policies are legal, for what they are worth. W. T. T. (Coventry).—You can recover. See *Daily Telegraph* of 16th February. E. P. (Burton-on-Trent).—If assured is living at Burton, sue there. Mrs. H. (Willesden).—You have been victimised, but have no remedy. H. L. C. (Gorton).—You have no remedy. The Company are not bound to grant a surrender value. You might see if they would not offer you something. Hex (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—If your signature was forged and the premiums were paid out of your moneys, you could recover. Consult a local solicitor. M. R. (Pontypridd).—If the agent told you that you could sign for your father, you could recover by suing. Ajax (Bembridge).—If the brother did not sign and there was misrepresentation, the premiums are recoverable. Newsagent (Bolton).—The policy appears to be legal. G. E. S. (Bryanston Square).—We do not act in legal cases nor prosecute claims. We could not advise without seeing policies. T. A. P. (Pontypridd).—If you mother did not sign the proposal form, the moneys are recoverable.

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Many other agents write thanking us for having been the means of securing them improved terms of remuneration, for which they agree they would have had to wait indefinitely but for our intervention. We are glad to have been the means of rendering a service to a hard working and, on the whole, an estimable body of men.

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How badly the Company have been hit by our own exposures is shown by the reckless extravagance with which advertisements—and inspired notices in connection with the recent report of the directors—have been distributed amongst the press. Papers with the most meagre circulations have received paid-for puffs and reports—running into no less than three pages in one journal which has frequently taken up the cudgels for the Company during our campaign. As we write, we have before us copies of several provincial papers containing articles written in identical language! Who wrote them? The directors have recently pretended to be very solicitous about preventing any tampering with the administration of justice. They are not particular about tampering with the press.

Funny.

We observe from a report of an entertainment given by certain provincial Prudential Agents that just before the chairman, the district superintendent, rose to address the assembly, the assistant superintendent sang, "Listen to my Tale of Woe." Poor fellows!

Points for Policy Holders.

If you have a policy on the life of anyone other than yourself, and upon which you have been paying premiums, have it carefully examined; it is probably illegal.

If the proposal for the policy you hold was not really signed by the person in whose name it is made out, you can probably get back all you have paid.

If an Agent or Special Canvasser calls to "examine your policy," or to tell you about a "Bonus," and endeavours to induce you to change into some other form of insurance, don't listen to him. He is most likely trying to get the better of you. It is an old dodge of the Prudential.

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YOUR MIND AS A MONEY-MAKING MACHINE.

A SYSTEM THAT DEVELOPS THE POWERS OF THE BRAIN. STRIKING INSTANCES OF SUCCESS.

The human mind is the most marvellous money-making machine in the world.

And it makes it in a much more marvellous way than the Mint, too!

The machinery at the Mint merely converts what is already gold into the shape of coins handy for using. It does not create the precious metal itself. But the money-making machinery of the human mind possesses the alchemist-like power of minting into golden sovereigns, not bars of the yellow product of the Rand, but impalpable ideas, thoughts, schemes and intellectual conceptions.

THE MIGHTIEST POWER IN THE MODERN WORLD.

This is, indeed, a wondrous power. It is the mightiest power in the modern world. *It is a power that lies latent within your brain.* It is a power which it rests with you to develop and use to your own personal profit and advantage.

Yes, you, by following out a certain definite plan, can develop the money-making powers of your mind to such an extent that everything you touch will, as the saying is, turn into gold. Money will be yours, wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and all the comfort and power the possession of money gives. You will be able to gratify every wish and to satisfy every desire. Nothing that you want will be withheld. All the delights of the world, of travel, of art, of good-living will be unrolled before you. You will experience no discomfort that the possessor of money can avoid. Everything will be made plain and straight for you; every door (even the most exclusive) will open to you. For to the possessor of wealth the whole world pays homage. And it is such wealth as this that the marvellous mechanism of your mind (when directed in a certain way) is able to create.

THE MARVELLOUS MONEY-MINTS OF THE MIND.

Men like Pierpont Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie and other great magnates of industry and captains of finance have proved this for themselves—and you can prove it too.

By training their minds in this particular direction they have built up those immense fortunes which millions envy, when if they would only profit by example they could emulate instead.

Indeed, it is this same mighty money-making power of the brain which has founded and developed all the great banking, commercial and industrial businesses of the day, which has built cities and opened up continents, harnessed water-falls and yoked the lightning, which is binding all nations and peoples together with electric cables and rail-roads and the mighty chains of commerce, which is causing the desert to blossom as the rose and civilisation to spring up where before was only barbarism and savagery, and whose influence is steadily raising the standard of comfort in every household of the land.

All this is the work of mental money-making machines.

All this is the work of marvellous gold-mints of the mind such as the one you possess yourself.

You possess such a money-making machine yourself, yes; but you do not utilise its powers of making money as fully as you ought to do.

Why is this?

Because you have not developed its money-making powers upon any systematic scientific plan.

In order to make your brain a thoroughly efficient money-making machine you must exercise and co-ordinate these groups of brain-cells on a scientific plan.

A PLAN THAT DOUBLES AND TREBLES YOUR INCOME.

How thousands of men and women have done this and as a consequence greatly increased their incomes—doubled their incomes in some cases, trebled it in others—is shown in a most interesting journal recently published for private circulation.

Those who have been fortunate enough to receive a copy of this magazine-journal have read in it the experiences of men and women of all ages, professions and occupations, showing how they have advanced rapidly in their careers simply by following this scientific plan of training and developing the money-making powers of their minds.

They one and all agree that this plan has increased their "getting on" powers to an enormous extent, and has enabled them in a very short time to secure much more important positions, carrying very much larger salaries.

Amongst those who have put this mind-training plan to such personally satisfactory proof have been men engaged in all branches of commerce, trade and industry.

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A special feature of this system is the way it enables those who practise it to become eloquent and convincing speakers—a fact to which many distinguished barristers and well-known clergymen and politicians bear witness.

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1. *The Faculty of Logical Thinking.*
2. " " " *Sound Business Judgment.*
3. " " " *Swift Perception and Comprehension.*
4. " " " *Creating Ideas that are Worth Money.*
5. " " " *Mental Concentration.*
6. " " " *Organisation.*
7. " " " *Energetic Doing.*
8. " *Quality of Personal Magnetism.*
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Each of these qualities is worth much money in the business world. To possess all of them is to be certain of winning big success, that big success which is represented by Capital letters and a Capital of several figures, too.

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The plan itself entails very little cost. Small as it is, you can pay it if you desire in convenient instalment sums. The increased income you earn in one month as the result of following this plan more than pays for its whole cost.

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One more point:

Does this plan take up much time?

No, an emphatic "No!"

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UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.]

This is the Last Will and Testament

—of me—

JAMES KEIR HARDIE, of Lochnorris, Cumnock, in the County of Ayrshire, N.B., bloke.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

FIRST, as a Socialist, I do not believe that any man has a right to direct or control the disposition of his so-called property, belongings, or possessions after death. As his body returns to the common earth, so should those things which during life he has claimed his own return to the common stock. But as Socialism is not yet firmly established in England, and the laws of private ownership are still recognised, I can do no other than conform to the existing custom, and arrange for the posthumous disposal of my "property" in the orthodox and legal manner.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governors of the British Museum in trust for the Nation, the piece of smoked stick with which I learned to write shorthand down the coal pit in my early youth, instead of doing the work that I was being paid to do.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Madame Tussaud's the cap and scarf which I wore, and which caused such a sensation when I first entered Parliament as Member for South West Ham in 1892.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto my friend Will Crooks, of Poplar, Labour gent., my collection of Scottish ballads and chap-books, in the hope that amongst the said ballads and chap-books he will find some pieces sufficiently interesting "to cheat him of a sigh, and charm him to a tear."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto my dear friend Krishnavarna, of Paris, exile, a short manuscript pamphlet written by me—which it was scarcely safe for me to publish during my lifetime—entitled *How to Overthrow British Rule in India*, with the request that he will have the said pamphlet printed and circulated amongst his native compatriots.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto my friend George Lansbury, of Bow, E., Socialistic gent., my second best red tie, requesting that he will make a practice of wearing the same whenever he shall take part in a "full dress" debate in the House of Commons.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto the Parliamentary Electors of Merthyr-Tydvil—who did themselves the honour of electing me their representative in the House of Commons in 1900 and several times subsequently—the sum of £50, the said moneys to be expended in the purchase of clubs or batons of seasoned hard wood, with wrist-straps attached, for use against the police during local labour disputes and in peaceful picketing at strike times.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE the residue of my property—if any—to the Executive Council of the Syndicalists, to be applied, as the said Council may think fit, to the purpose of spreading the glorious gospel of Syndicalism, or industrial destruction, in the ardent hope that by so doing I may contribute in some measure to the longed-for consummation of social chaos, red ruin and the breaking up of laws.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.

AN UNSATISFACTORY TRANSACTION.

A correspondent gives us his experience of one of these societies. The holder of three books, two in his own name and one in the name of his wife, in a certain "model" building society, he was lucky enough to secure a free appropriation entitling him to the use of £200 free of interest. Having no immediate use for the money he asked the secretary of the society to dispose of it for him. He did so for the sum of £36, paid our correspondent £30, and stuck to the £6 as commission. Thinking this was rather sharp practice, our correspondent gave notice of withdrawal in reference to two of the books on which £80 had been paid. That was in December, 1909, and he has received nothing yet, notwithstanding the fact that one of the circulars, bearing the name of the secretary, which induced our correspondent to become a shareholder contains the following: "Members may surrender claims at any time and receive the money at once."

BILLS THAT WOULD NOT SURPRISE US.

BY OUR LOBBY CORRESPONDENT.

A

BILL

To amend the Railway Regulation Acts and for other purposes relating thereto.

Presented by Mr. Morton.

Supported by

Mr. Robert Harcourt, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.

BE it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. Section one of the Regulation of Railways Act, 1889, shall be read and have effect as if the power thereby conferred upon the Board of Trade to make Orders included the following matters, namely:—

(*a*) To provide sleeping accommodation, including feather beds, bolsters, and pillows, hem-stitched sheets, Witney blankets, eider-down quilts, hot-water bottles, and cups of tea at seven o'clock in the morning for third-class passengers in all cases of night travel, whether such accommodation is made for first-class passengers or not;

(*b*) To provide newspapers, novels, and illustrated magazines free of charge for the use of third-class passengers travelling a distance of ten miles and upwards;

(*c*) To provide light refreshments, including bottled beer and stout, Scotch and Irish whisky, London unsweetened gin, and rum of Navy strength (two-power standard), as well as clay pipes, Mitcham shag, Tabs and Woodbine cigarettes, free of charge, for the comfort and sustenance of third-class passengers travelling a distance of twenty miles and upwards;

(*d*) To make every third-class passenger ticket issued for a journey by railway within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland available for use at any time and redeemable by the Railway Company at the conclusion of the said journey at the price of half its original cost;

and the provisions of that Act shall, so far as they are applicable, apply to and be incorporated with this Act.

2. This Act may be cited as the Railway Regulation Act, 1912.

SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN.

A TRIBUTE TO TOMMY ATKINS.

[*General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, in a farewell message to the Aldershot troops, stated that, having relaxed many restrictions and trusted to the honour of the soldiers, "in no case had his confidence been abused."*]

If you treat him like a mongrel,
  If you weigh him up as nix,
If you scruff him by the collar,
  Ten to one that Tommy kicks;
If you only would remember
  He is just the same as you,
You can put him on his honour,
  And you'll find it's safe to do.

If you think you're going to drive him,
  He will see you further first;
If you rule him and you school him,
  P'raps he'll go upon the burst;
If you treat him like a Christian,
  And remove each irksome ban,
You will find that he's a soldier
  And also a gentleman.

For he don't want to be bullied,
  And he don't want to be nursed;
He hates to be tied up in tape,
  He don't like being cursed.
But he does like to be trusted—
  Maybe it's just his whim,
But you'll never make a bloomer
  If you put your trust in him!

R. M.

WHAT A POST UNDER GOVERNMENT REALLY MEANS.

The Privileges and Earnings of Civil Servants.

That people should covet a position in the English Civil Service for their sons and daughters is no matter of wonder. Probably no employment in the world offers so many advantages. And these advantages and innumerable privileges are far more easy of acquirement than is generally supposed. As a matter of fact, the difficulty of Civil Service competitive examinations is greatly exaggerated. Nor is there that keenness of competition generally believed. Of course, efficiency is essential to pass a Civil Service examination, but this efficiency is really easily attainable under proper tuition. Some industry is, of course, necessary, but the success this industry can achieve is within the reach of average intelligence. And the reward is worth seeking.

Those who are fortunate enough to enter the Civil Service are highly remunerated, and their salaries increase year by year with unfailing regularity. Their position is a permanent one, never lost except through exceptional negligence or bad conduct.

Perhaps the most valuable asset of the Civil Servant is his ability to enjoy his life of industry with perfect freedom from anxiety as to his old age. He knows that if he lives a pension equal to two-thirds of his salary awaits him on his retirement.

Nor need periods of sickness have for the Civil Servant the terrors they have for the ordinary clerk, for instance. A Civil Servant receives full pay during illness, unless it is very much prolonged. In this case, after a certain period, three-quarters salary is paid, or, in the event of a permanent breakdown, a retiring pension is given.

Apart from all these advantages there is never to be overlooked the good social standing which attaches to everyone who holds a position under the Government. Of course it is obvious that the Service is the hall-mark of respectability. The Civil Service comprises all those who are engaged in the various departments of the Government, such as the War Office, Admiralty, Board of Education, Home Office, Local Government Board, Post Office, etc.—that is, all Government employees excepting the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces.

No greater mistake can be made than to imagine that phenomenal intellect, influence, or "burning the midnight oil" is essential to success in obtaining these positions. The only essential is proper training. The Commissioners have one object—viz., to obtain clerks and others whose training fits them for the duties of the positions. It is an established fact that the best places are gained by candidates who have undergone a course of special training.

The remarkable development and expansion of Clark's College, the Civil Service and Business University of London, with its numerous branches, is a sign of the times in respect of Civil Service examinations. The number of Clark's College students who have obtained "posts under Government" is a convincing proof of the efficacy of special training under competent instructors who thoroughly understand the requirements of every branch of the Civil Service. And a very interesting feature of the success of Clark's College students is that almost without exception those pupils who have studied in their own homes, and gone through a course of Clark's instruction by correspondence, have been awarded marks entitling them to splendid positions. This successful home tuition by correspondence is, of course, open to both sexes, and the advantages of the system are obvious to those who for various reasons prefer to study at home. The tuition is conducted under so perfect an organisation as to ensure the instruction and method of imparting it being absolutely similar to, and in every respect equal to, the system adopted with students attending the College. There is assuredly no occasion for hesitation in respect of youths and young ladies for whom a Civil Service appointment is desired. Put them in communication with the Principal at Clark's College, Chancery Lane, London, E.C., and he will place them in possession of every information as to course of studies and fees—which, by the way, are astonishingly reasonable in view of the emoluments of the Service which await the successful candidate.

The most useful guide to the Civil Service is that published by Clark's College, which not only gives full particulars of the various appointments, but shows how they may be obtained, cost of training, etc. As it is published free, our readers may obtain the information it contains without cost to themselves by writing to Clark's College for their Civil Service Guide No. 18—the book in question.

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30/- A PERFECT SUIT.

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LOUIS FREEMAN,

The LARGEST BESPOKE TAILOR

HIGH ST., STRATFORD, LONDON.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

[In this column our contributor has an imaginary interview with some celebrity of the day.]

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"Er—Moore," said the chief, continuing, in his inimitable way, to do about half-a-dozen things at once, and all at express speed.

"Yes, sir?"

"Are you prepared to undertake a dangerous mission—possibly involving a long and arduous journey?"

"I am."

"When can you start?"

"As soon as I have interviewed the cashier."

"Good. *Go and find Christabel.*"

I saluted, right-wheeled, and stalked from the room, feeling very much as Stanley must have felt when he was curtly commissioned to find Livingstone.

* * * * * *

The details of my search for Miss Christabel Pankhurst I am reserving for publication in fortnightly parts, at 7d. net—a price which will bring a remarkable educational work within reach of all. This present article claims to be no more than a brief report of the historic conversation that took place when I ran my quarry to earth.

"Do you accuse me of cowardice?"

"You are Miss Christabel Pankhurst?" I suggested.

"I am," replied that redoubtable young lady. "I will come quietly."

"I am no policeman," I said indignantly, "nor have I a warrant for your arrest. I merely wish to interview you on behalf of John Bull."

Miss Parkhurst looked greatly relieved.

"Well?" she said inquiringly, resuming her seat.

"What is your object in evading arrest?" I asked.

"It is more comfortable outside prison than in, is it not?" she asked.

"You know best about that," I retorted. "Is that your sole motive—selfish consideration of your personal comfort?"

"No; I also want to give the authorities as much trouble as ever I can," she replied.

"Meanwhile your poor misguided mother languishes in gaol," I said scornfully. "You permit her to bear the brunt whilst you luxuriate at your ease. Your pusillanimity has alienated public sympathy from you and from your cause. If you could do any good by remaining in concealment it would be different."

"Do you accuse me of cowardice?" demanded Christabel, starting to her feet with clenched hands.

"Something like that," I returned. "Are you not involving your friends? Are you not aware that the people who are concealing you are liable to severe punishment for attempting to defeat the ends of justice?"

"They are willing to run the risk," declared Miss Pankhurst.

"Doubtless. But seeing that no possible advantage either to yourself or the cause can result, you are not justified in permitting them to endanger themselves for your sake."

"Pooh! we are all willing to make sacrifices," said Christabel.

"Then make yours," I retorted. "Be a man, if you can't be a normal woman."

(For the continuation and conclusion of this remarkable interview see Part I. of *How I Found Christabel*—7d.)

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

[In this column we give from week to week an anticipatory—always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will be many years before his relatives will have to consider seriously our suggestion.]

Stranger!
Arreft thy footfteps
And
Mufe for a whyle
Bye thys tombe,
Wherein
Repofe ye Remaynes
Of

Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, K.C.V.O.,

Better knowne
As
"Ye People's Grocer."
Born,
Anno Domini 1850,
In ye grey, gloomie citie of Glasgow,
Thys dyre miffortune
Was luckilye lightened bye ye fackt
Thatt hys parentes were Irish,
Elfe,
Bedad!
Hee myght have remayned
Juft an ordynarie Glasgow Scotsmanne
To ye endde of hys daies.
Goode fortune attended hym from ye fyrft;
For,
Hys parents beynge obfcure and poore,
Hee was troubled wyth lyttle schoolynge
And was compelled, atte an earlie age,
To fend for hymfelf.
Hee commenced hys commerçial careere,
Itt is sayd,
As a grocer's errande boye,
Whyftlynge and lyngerynge onne hys roundes
As grocers' boyes have done
From tyme immemorial.
Butte
One fyne daie
Hys latent ambiçion was aroufed,
And
Puttynge hys shoulder to ye wheele
Hee prefentlie opened a grocer's shoppe
On hys owne accompt.
Succeedynge in thys enterpryze
Hee soone opened another,
And thenne another,
Followynge ye same wyth another
And yette another,
Ye whyche was shortlie succeeded bye another,
And another,
And, subsequentlie, bye another,
And a number of others;
And soe onne,
Untill
"Liptons"
Became a houfeholde worde throughout ye land.
Havynge bye thys tyme made much money,
Hee,
Expendynge ye same judiçiouflie,
Worked hys waie intoe ye moft exclufive social circle,
Whereyn ye wordes "bacon" and "tea" were
Anathema maranatha.
For,
Spendynge ryghte royallie,
Hee found hys humble origin no detriment.
Butte associated, on a friendlie footynge,
Wyth Kynges, potentates, and prynces.
Never havynge married,
Hee dyed, full of yeares,
And
In perfeckt peace.

* * * * * *

Hee tooke ye Cup of Lyfe withyn hys grippe,
And dranke, wyth gufto, all ye contentes uppe,—
One grief alone hee hadde, to wit, ye slippe
Betwixt ye "Shamrock" and ye Yankee Cup.

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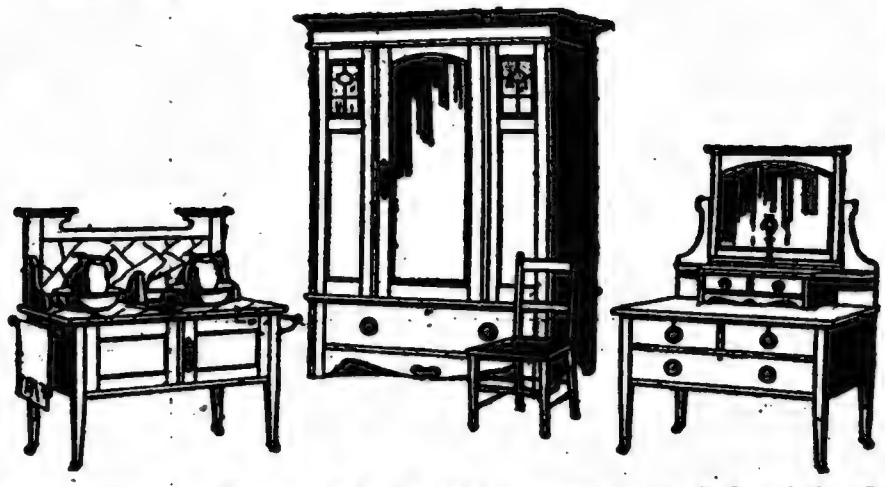

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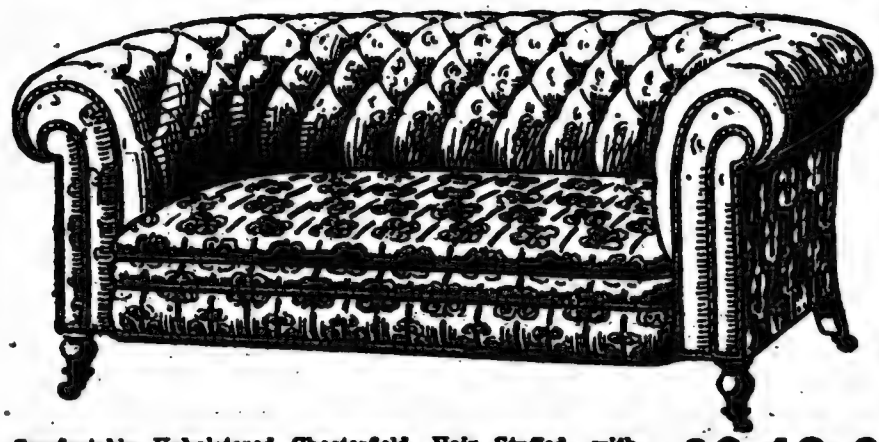

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By Our Tame Phrenologist.

[*We have engaged, at enormous expense, an eminent phrenologist—who is, withal, a deep student of current problems—to "feel the bumps" of prominent public men, for the benefit of our readers. How he manages to secure the "sittings" is his own secret.*]

MR. TIMOTHY HEALY, K.C., M.P.

I seem to know your face, sir . . . Perhaps your portrait was hung in last year's Academy? . . . . No? . . . . Then I must have seen you depicted in the *Daily Smearer* . . . . Ah; very likely. I presume, then, that you are—What! Tim Healy? Ut's dayloighted Oi am tu see yez! Oi'm an Oirishmun meself whin Oi'm at home; an' a compathriot's as welcome in me conshultin' room as the last rose av summer! Sit down an' be aisy. Ut's a head-readin' yez'll want, Oi preshume? . . . . Indade! . . . . Is ut truth ye're tellun me? . . . . Niver had your bumps delayneated? Thin we'll rimidy that, plaze the pigs, before ye're tin minuts ouldher.

Phwat a head! Ut's a broth av a bhoy ye are, Oi'm thinkun'. Ye've a rare talent for foightin'. *Combativeness* ut's called. Here's the bump—at the soide av the back av the skull, in the raygion av the cerebellum. Shure, if ut wasn't for your ears gettin' in the way, ut'd be spreadin' half over your face be this toime, Oi'm thinkun. This foine talent for foightin' has provided yez wid enough excoitemint tu kape tin or a dozen men in good health, begob! Ut made an Anti-Parnellite av yez in 1890; ut

got yez expelled from Misther Redmond's parrty in 1900, and ut got yez imprisoned for four months in 1883. And yez'll enjy more throuble through ut befure ye've done.

Your nixt outstandin' faychure is *Wit*—here, over the oye. Ye've more wit in yez little finger thin an egg is full av mate. Thot's whoy th' House av Commons is always ready tu listen whin ye cotches th' Spaker's oye an' roise up on yez hoind legs tu tell um the tale.

Ye've got enough *Self-estame*. You think you're as good as the nixt wan, if not the wan afther. Self-estame, a vice in a Scot, is a vartue in an Oirishman. Whoy? . . . Becase as a rule an Oirishman has less grounds for ut . . . . Sit still, will yez?

Ye've no sense av *Ordher* at all at all. Whin Misther Spaker says "Ordher!" ye feel loike crossin' the gangway an' ashkin' um to thread on the tail av your coat. Ye've a dacent bump av *Conscientiousness*, but parrty politics'll be the roon av ut. Ye've some *Cautiousness*, too, which ye exercoise when defindin' a prisoner whin ye know um tu be guilty.

Your nixt conspicuous faychure is the bump av *Language*—which isn't a bump afther all, but the oye. A spakir's oye manes plinty av language, the same bein' the windee av the sowl, as the poat ses. Hit a man wan in the oye, an' ye'll soon foind out whether he's got a talent fure language.

Well, Misther Healy, that's all—except for the fee. Tin an' six—tu a compathriot. A guinea tu Scotchmen an' other foreigners. Good day; an' may St. Pathrick smoile on yez!

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SPURIOUS SYMPOSIUMS.

[It is our custom to hold a weekly—imaginary—symposium upon some topic of the hour, giving the views of representative men.]

WHY ARE YOU A CONSERVATIVE?

SUPPOSITITIOUS REPLIES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

On the principle of "giving the other side a chance," we have this week varied our symposium by asking a number of prominent Conservatives the reason of the political faith that is in them. The following replies will be read with interest:—

MR. BONAR LAW:—"I am a Conservative because it appears to me that the progressive Conservative (if I may use the expression) of to-day bases his policy on more businesslike principles than does the Liberal. Being myself a business man, this naturally appeals to me. The Liberal endeavours to improve the condition of the working classes by attacking the so-called rich, whereby capital is alarmed and commercial enterprise checked and arrested. On the other hand, the Conservative aims at improving the condition of the industrial comunity by protecting capital from Socialistic raids, whereby the financial stability of the country may be restored and business development fostered; to the end that unemployment may be extinguished and the conditions of labour improved. In short, I am a Conservative because I am a patriot, and desire to see not only the prosperity of one section, but of *all* sections of the community increased."

MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR:—"I guess you can put me down as a Conservative. That's true. I reckon most Americans who become naturalised Brits. get fixed up with the Tory gang pretty slick. They've got the dollars to do it. See? But I guess I've got another pretty powerful reason besides. I reckon a man who owns a pair of newssheets, with a Newcastle-Irishman like J. L. Garvin doing the editor stunt on them, has just *gotter* be a Conserv. or quit for good. Now you know."

LORD BALCARRES, M.P.:—"Lord Balcarres begs to inform the Editor of JOHN BULL that he (Lord Balcarres) is a Conservative because it would be inconsistent with his position as Honorary Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings if he were otherwise. Lord Balcarres begs to remind the Editor of JOHN BULL further that he (Lord Balcarres) is also vice-Chairman of the National Trust—a position it would be absurd and incongruous for a Liberal to hold.

MR. ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN:—"Mr. Arthur Chamberlain presents his compliments to the Editor of JOHN BULL and begs to say that the inquiry as to why he is a Conservative appears to have been addressed to him by mistake instead of to his nephew Austin, who sits in the House of Commons and talks a lot of rot about Tariff Reform."

EARL HALSBURY:—"Why am I a Conservative, sir? Because, sir, I'm not a *fool*, sir. Because, sir, I'm not an *idiot*, sir. Because, sir, I'm not a slobbering, sentimental *lunatic*, sir. Because, sir, I'm not a traitor to my country, sir. Because, sir, I'm not a brainless nincompoop who thinks the rag, tag, and bobtail—the mass of the people, sir—have more sense than their natural superiors, sir."

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THEATRICAL THROBS.

By P. OT.

I do not often go to plays, for my wife does not think it polite to sleep in her presence—in public—and snores in the stalls invite pin-pricks. But now at last, in my old age, I have discovered a really rousing drama, quite Macbethian in its murder of slumberous inclinations, and I cordially commend it to all such as love shivers and screams and shocks and stupendous surprises. The period is Jacobite, which lends itself above all to an atmosphere of excitement. Swords clash all the time to accompaniment of bagpipes; braw and bonny swash-bucklers revel and cheer and denounce traitors, and dance reels and toast the King over the water and sing stentorian choruses in honour of the white cockade. I have never found a quicker antidote to depression, a more potent potion to fire the blood and brain.

But do not run away with the idea that there are only the clamours and glamours of carouse. You have also a powerful plot and a muckle of admirable acting. Miss Alexandra Carlisle surpasses herself in her representation of the heroine, and adds generously to the glory of her high reputation. She interprets passionate possibilities and supreme sentiments and frolicsome fancies more charmingly than any other actress on the British stage. Her fencing is a triumph of supple grace, her voice recalls the bees of Hymettus, her eyes have all the eloquence of Churchill and Demosthenes, her mobile mouth, ah! it slays imagination's ecstacies.

I am only sorry that this peerless being should love the villain-hero. He knows how to act, but he belongs to the other side, and therefore clashes with the atmosphere of loyalty; he is almost a spy, and one hopes he will have his neck cloven by a claymore. Instead of that, he mistakes her for her twin brother, and kills her in a duel. If I had the revision of the piece, I would turn the tables and let her pierce him under the fifth rib. But, after all, an unhappy ending is far more true to the nature of this troublesome world.

Prince Charlie is too old, but has a fine voice and plenty of dignity. The other actors all talk alike. Indeed, I think they talk like the author of the play—that is to say, very well indeed. Still, I should have liked to be able to tell them apart. Of course, I must except the old laird, who reminded me of Mr. Asquith when he asks us to wait and see. The other actresses are agreeable but insignificant, which is just as well, for they do not distract us from our devotions to Miss Alexandra Carlisle.

Much of the language is in blank verse, but, as the author pointed out to me, you scarcely notice it.

I am not surprised that the house should be crowded by enthusiastic audiences every evening, and I confidently prophesy a very long run. How the Yankees will dote upon all this riot of a brilliant imagination!

I was forgetting to say that the play is called "Proud Maisie," written by Mr. Hemmerde, the celebrated K.C., and performed at the Aldwych Theatre.

INCOME TAX APPEALS.

A PLEA FOR MORE IMPARTIAL TRIBUNALS.

A reader, signing himself "A Victim," wishes, through us, to bring before the public his experiences in appealing to the Commissioners of Income Tax against his assessment. These cases are heard *in camera*. Our correspondent asserts that the result of this is that the appellant is barely listened to, a prior decision having been arrived at, as is proved by the fact that surveyors intimate to taxpayers that it is almost useless to appeal.

But when our correspondent goes on to say, "Surely such appeals should be held in open court," we certainly differ from him. To our mind it is pretty obvious that it would be most objectionable to require a trader to disclose particulars of his business accounts before those who might be his commercial rivals. We are, however, in accord with him when he states that "it is time these cases were conducted on business lines," and one of the directions in which this reform might be effected would be the disclosing of the names of those who compose the present despotic bodies. Party patronage has been too freely exercised in the formation of these arbitrary tribunals.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Isn't the Coal Bill a very heavy one?
Wasn't it a case of "Give in, or get out" for the Government?
Was Mr. Balfour's speech an "object" lesson for his successor?
Aren't they proving "good-bye-elections" for the Liberals?
Isn't our Naval policy a smack in the "I" for the German Emperor?
Aren't the Suffragettes feeling very much "nettled"?
Isn't oil the best thing to make "works" go?
Aren't the Italian papers making the "best" of a bad job?
Will the Smoke Abatement Exhibition end in "smoke"?
Is the Australian Board of Control hoping that certain cricketers will think better of it?
Isn't the whole country sporting Boat Race favours this year?

The *Lancet* says there is a well-known author-dramatist who suffers tortures from shyness. Query: Shaw or Hall Caine?

"If writing had not been invented, humanity would have remained savage," says the Rev. N. H. Marshall. But some of our best writers are still "Savages."

"Aeroplane Maxims," reads a headline. The best we know is "Don't!"

The City man who has used only one penknife for thirty years probably never lends it.

"Sardine Sent to a Museum," we read. Hooray! A genuine one has at length been discovered.

"All lovers wear blinkers," says A. H. Adams. No wonder it takes a good deal to make them shy.

A morning paper heads an article, "Anarchy, Pure and Simple." We don't know that kind.

The Savoy Hotel declined to entertain two monkeys; yet the latter would have returned the compliment.

Eating chocolate causes eye trouble in children, we are informed. So does having no chocolate to eat.

"Papa as Chaperon," seems a good idea. You can always trust a married man to keep an eye on the girls.

The Brooklyn man who wanted a divorce because his wife wouldn't let him kiss her couldn't have had a very "taking" way.

"Extravagant credulity exists in every age," says Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Yes, otherwise Party politics would be impossible.

"The Broken Mirror" is the name of a music-hall sketch. Of course there is a good-looking lass in it.

Burlington Arcade was opened ninety-three years ago. Some of those who now haunt it were doubtless present.

The American woman who left her husband because he was so perfect perhaps thought he was "too good to be true."

"What is a Frump?" asks an evening paper. Difficult to say, but we know one when we see it.

The Finchley butcher who describes himself as a meat specialist no doubt considers himself a "cut" above his fellows.

"Costers, Limited," is the name of a clothing firm. Is the head of it a barrow-knight?

At a Chinese banquet in New York, eighty-eight courses were served. A swell affair.

"The Principal Girl," should be a popular book with the lending libraries. Sure to be taken out.

"Youth must play if it is to live," says Miss Flore Kirwan. And age must work for the same reason.

There are more women than men in Japan. The men get well "looked after" there.

Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence declares that "Bacon is Shakespeare." Our faith is not Shaken.

The John Bull League.

There are four vacancies on the executive committee of the Leeds and District Branch to be filled up. Nominations for same, signed by two members of the League, must be sent, before April 15th, to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. D. A. Macdonald, 24, Savile Place, Chapeltown Road, Leeds.

Readers desirous of a cool, clean smoke should try the Salusbury pipe. Made in fine briar, and handsomely finished, it affords free combustion, although the smoke is passed through shavings of the same wood, which cool it and retain the moisture. It can, therefore, be strongly recommended to persons not able to use the ordinarily constructed pipe, while to "wet" smokers it is indeed a boon. It is marketed at a figure no higher than that paid for an ordinary pipe of equal quality.

BUCHANAN'S WHISKY

"BLACK — & — WHITE"

The Highest Standard of QUALITY.

CASTLE Collars

5/11 PER DOZEN. Postage 3d. extra.

Irish made and faced with strong Linen woven in our own factory.

This shape is a typical outdoor collar, in all depths.

Sample Collar, in any shape or size, post free for six stamps.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.
44, E. Donegall Place, BELFAST.
LONDON. LIVERPOOL

Don't Wear a Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women or Children that Cures Rupture.

I SEND IT ON TRIAL.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my thousands of patients whose letters are on file in my office. Fill out free coupon below and post to-day.

The above is C. E. Brooks who has been Curing Rupture for over 30 years. If Ruptured Write him to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

C. E. Brooks, 455, Bank Buildings (Corner of Portugal St.), Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

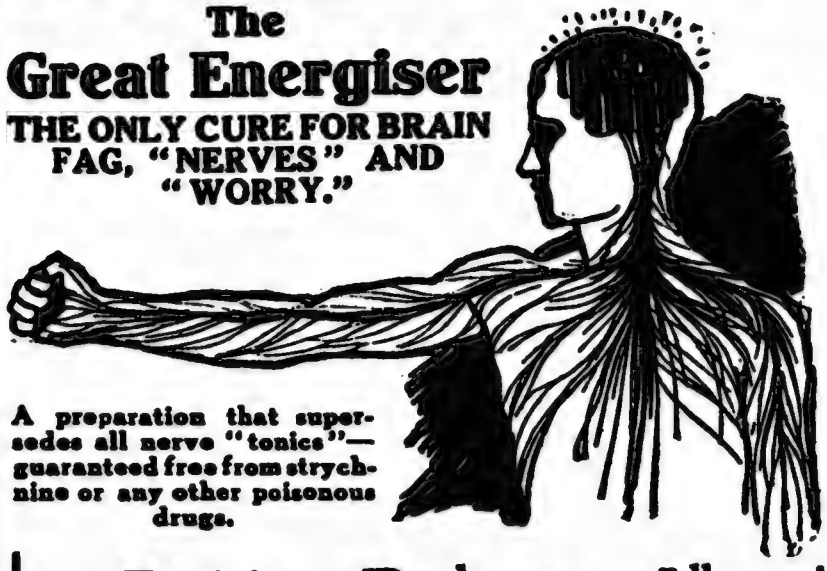
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

Please write plainly.

BRAININE

The Great Energiser

THE ONLY CURE FOR BRAIN FAG, "NERVES" AND "WORRY."



A preparation that supersedes all nerve "tonics"—guaranteed free from strychnine or any other poisonous drugs.

Brainine Recharges All Impaired Nerves, Imparting New Energy.

Some Convincing Testimony.

From Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

"I have much pleasure in stating that during my recent illness I found BRAININE most beneficial."

A LEADING HOSPITAL NURSE says:—"Under doctor's orders I am now using BRAININE when on duty, and the effect is really wonderful. Most of my convalescents take it—and are loud in its praise."

"Please send me BRAININE pellets to the value of 2s. 3d., P.O. enclosed. I have taken one box and find they are curing that unreasonable nervousness that really amounts to physical cowardice."
Yours faithfully, A. C. B.

"Enclosed please find P.O. 2s. 3d., for which kindly send me three boxes of BRAININE. I have finished the box I had, and it appears to have done me good, so I am going to try them on my wife, who is a great sufferer from nerves."
Yours truly, A. P.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly send me another box of your BRAININE pellets. I have already nearly finished the box I sent to you for and have derived great benefit from them. I feel all I can do is to thank God that I ever saw your advertisement in *Mrs. Bull*. For the last six years I have been an awful sufferer from nervous headaches which the doctor called Neuritis. My life has been one of misery, but since taking your pellets life seems worth living. I have tried everything I have heard of and nothing seems lasting. I am afraid these pellets might be only easing me for a time like other things I have taken, but have never found anything to ease me so much as your pellets. I have also recommended them to my friends.

"I think you should advertise them more for the benefit of poor sufferers like myself."
Yours gratefully, MISS J.

"Please find herewith enclosed 2s. 3d. for two boxes of BRAININE, as per your offer. I intend sticking to them; have finished taking first box."
Respectfully yours, A.

WHAT "BRAININE" IS.

"Brainine" is a BRAIN FOOD. It corrects the error into which the medical profession has hitherto fallen of treating the NERVES themselves—which are but the electric wires of the body—instead of the nerve source, the BRAIN, which is the electric Battery of the body. Unless the Battery is kept well charged the current MUST give out. That is the explanation of the failure of all the so-called "Nerve Tonics." No strengthening of the wires will improve the current if the Battery is run down. Indeed, it only makes matters worse.

"Brainine" is made up in small chocolate-coated pellets, at 1s. 1½d. *and* 2s. 9d. *per bottle, post free to any address in the United Kingdom.*

If you have any difficulty in procuring a supply from your local Chemist or Stores, cut out this order and post direct with remittance.

To THE BRAININE COMPANY, 2, Marsham Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

Please forward me a supply of BRAININE, for which I enclose P.O. 1s. 1½d.

Name .....

Address (in full) .....

.....

State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

"BRITISHER" (Calgary, Alb.) sends us a cutting from the Calgary *News Telegram* dealing with the question of unemployment in Canada. Among other illuminating statements it says: "Those who apply for charity are mainly British born." Intending Canadian emigrants, what do you think of that?

"A HARD-WORKING MAN" writes complaining of the methods of the Royal London Friendly Society, but as he does not enclose his address we cannot look into the matter.

"SANDY" (Kilbirnie) states that the Minister of Gillespie N. F. Church, Great Hamilton, near Glasgow, who enjoys a stipend of £400 a year, occupies some of his spare time by trading in potatoes. If his discourses in the pulpit are not very flowery, we hope that at least his potatoes are.

"WHITEWASH" (Stoke-on-Trent).—We prefer not to take the responsibility of recommending any Continental lottery whatsoever.

W. B. (Chelsea, S.W.) wants to know "the exact way Whittaker Wright committed suicide." We do not think information of that kind should be spread broadcast. Man is an imitative animal.

A. L. D.—We confess that we see little to choose between vivisection and slaughtering animals for food; but we certainly think dogs should be exempted from vivisection on account of their intelligence and sensibility—to say nothing of their other splendid qualities.

"SPHINX" (Rawal Pindi, India) encloses a cutting from the Calcutta *Statesman*, to wit, two advertisements culled from the "Public Notices" column. Here they are:—

> LADDIE HAS RETURNED, must see Lassie immediately. Will Lassie make appointment to meet Laddie. Anywhere and any time will suit Laddie.—Address Box 4985, Advt. Dept., "Statesman."
>
> IF LASSIE MEETS LADDIE, he will receive a thick ear.

What a blow to "Laddie!"

"SCOTCH GARDENER."—As you are a Scotsman it is scarcely necessary to warn you not to accept the Union Transit Company's (of 381, Argyle Street, Glasgow) tempting (?) offer without first of all obtaining from them or from their Canadian clients a reliable guarantee of employment upon your arrival in Ontario. Otherwise you might merely swell the ranks of the Canadian unemployed.

"BANNOCKBURN" (Cardiff), referring to the vigorous remarks of "Flodden Field" in a recent "Letter Bag" says:—"The blatant ignorance of your correspondent 'Flodden Field,' in his asinine asseverations should ordinarily receive the silent contempt they deserve. . . . He lacks the quality for which the Scotch are pre-eminently famous, *i.e.*, brains." That's nasty.

E. P. (Stockholm) assures us that the Swedish officers, having undertaken to "elaborate a scheme of police" in Persia, will certainly succeed in their purpose, being that sort of men. We hope they will; for if not, we shall have to lend a hand—although, just now, it is grimy with coal dust.

"A TYRO" (Bury St. Edmund's).—Sorry to say we have no use for your MS. Still, for a tyro, you've had a good try—except that your work is too painfully reminiscent of the late lamented Jane Ann.

"CLERK" (Weston-super-Mare).—A German "half-sovereign" is naturally worth less than an English one, for the reason that it is—German. Any foreign money changer will give you about 9s. 6d. for a 10-mark piece.

REV. S. C. T. (Saffron Walden), writing apropos vivisection, drops, like Silas Wegg, into poetry, as follows:—

> "No creature should be made to suffer in the smallest measure
> To save another pain or give another pleasure."

We presume the rev. gentleman is consistent, and eschews meat, fish and "ripe" Stilton. Otherwise, by his own mouth is he condemned.

A. C. S. (Birmingham).—The last figures available are for 1909, in which year 1,493 fatal and 6,120 non-fatal accidents occurred to miners in Great Britain. The average weekly output of coal in the United Kingdom during 1910 was 5,085,525 tons. The average length of life of colliers we cannot tell you. Ask the local Prudential agent, mentioning our name.

M. L. (Sheffield) is of the opinion that when our Business Government comes about we shall be accused of "Imperialism and Despotism." We shan't mind that. It will be nothing to what we are sometimes accused of.

H. G. A. (Singapore) thinks we deserve a Biscuit for saying "Many journals are weaving yarns about the cotton trouble." Yarns, it appears are "spun," not "woven." We cotton.

H. B. (Colchester), whose son was recently killed by a motor-bus in the Kennington Road, has our deep sympathy. We agree that the speed at which these juggernauts run through the crowded streets of London is an increasing danger to the public, and demands the attention of the authorities.

A. B. (Borough, S.E.).—In the six years 1905-10 a total sum of £8,057,840 16s. 7d. was received by the Compensation Authorities, and a total of £5,565,502 4s. 2d. was paid out in compensation for 6,337 extinguished licences. What became of the £492,338 12s. 5d. balance heaven—*and* the Compensation Authorities—know. We don't.

I. W. (Wrexham) informs us that the Salvation Army are now endeavouring to save Wrexham souls by grinding a piano-organ in the streets. Playing tunes in a "miner" key, we presume.

"I. DOANTHINK" (Greenwich) sends us a circular letter he received from the National School of Salesmanship, of 36, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C., urging him in strong terms to send them 1s. 6d. He resisted their blandishments.

"GIMCRACK" (Manchester).—Have nothing to do with any firm that does business by the "snowball" coupon system, or you will deserve the pseudonym you have selected.

"TRAVELLER" (Calgary) sends us an extract from the Calgary *Daily Herald*, which says: "The situation in regard to female employment is especially bad [in Toronto]. Stores in many cases have discharged shop girls and are taking on no more." Canadian emigrantesses, beware!

G. R. (Blaenavon).—We do not recommend your friend to have any dealings with O. C. Genz and Co., the "Auto-Knitter" people, for the reasons stated in a recent issue of *Mrs. Bull*.

S. P. (Cardiff) asks us to warn our readers against the Auction Mart sharks who infest the country, and prey especially on the ignorant collier class. We have already uttered a warning; but the majority of people are warned in vain.

"THISTLE" (Argyll).—We have no desire to fan the flame of racial animosity, but we cannot resist publishing your letter for the edification of our recent correspondent, "Flodden Field." Here it is:—"'Flodden Field' must be in a terrible way. England for the English, indeed! Imagine a wee Scots colony like England having the hard neck to shout about that! Should 'Flodden Field' have the bad luck to go where he consigns all Celts, namely, to Hell, he will find some of his friends there, sent there from Bannockburn." Eh, sirs! Hoot and awa'!

"ANOTHER VICTIM" (Parkstone) complains of the methods of W. and A. Edgell, of Radstock, Somerset, which we commented on in our issue of March 16th. We trust that any of our readers who contemplate doing business with Edge'll edge off—before it is too late.

C. T. (Hounslow) has noticed that *Things that Matter*, "explained in such a masterly way by Mr. Norman Tiptaft," harmonise with the views expounded in Vol. 4 of the Millenium Dawn series, published by the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society. We hope Mr. Norman Tiptaft will be pleased to know it. Anyhow, this is one of the Things that *don't* Matter.

"LOOKER ON" (W. Kensington).—It does not follow that because "ladies" are requested to leave the court while cases of "soliciting" are being heard, justice is not done to the unfortunate women. But, for our own part, we do not see why women should not be allowed to remain if they want to. It's a matter of taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.

J. B. C. (Norwich) asks our opinion of Fred Watts, moneylender, of 95, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, London, W. We have never had occasion to form one.

W. C. W. (Weymouth) declares there are 2,500 signatures of unemployed mechanics on the books of the Johannesburg Labour Bureau. *Is* South Africa worth keeping?

P. F. A. asks us what he calls "A Family Question":—"If a young man of 30, receiving a fair salary in London, wishes to throw up his employment, owing to dislike of city life, etc., are his parents bound to keep him at home in idleness or otherwise?" The answer is in the negative.

"NEMO" (Hythe).—If we were to comment openly upon the facts you send us, the churchwarden in question might make it even worse for his crippled tenant by evicting him from his cottage. We know what some churchwardens are.

"ENQUIRER" (Preston).—We referred to the Lancashire Commercial Agency in August and September last. The African Gold and Ivory Coasts are commonly called "The White Man's Grave." The cost of living out there is about three times as much as in England, but we believe funerals are comparatively cheap.

"MOSCATO" (Lincolnshire).—The Liverpool and District Trading Co.'s scheme for selling tobacco is not a competition. It is something far less satisfactory in our opinion.

"SISTER L." informs us that the National Pensions Fund is now administered by the Charity Organisation Society, and that nurses applying for relief are "followed about in the usual C.O.S. methods, and in some cases the patients for whom they are working are written to and asked 'if they (the nurses) need help.'" This should interest nurses who subscribe to the fund.

W. C. C. (London, N.).—In 1911 the personnel of the British Navy was 134,000 men; of the German Navy, 60,805 men. Two keels to one, so to speak.

"WICKLOW WIDOW" (Bray).—The Chartered Co. appear to have treated their late Veterinary Surgeon very shabbily, but unless his contract of service provided for a pension, we are afraid nothing further can be done.

G. D. (Loughton).—We first announced the payment of 2s. 6d. for "Biscuits" in our issue of January 13th. If you are a regular reader we are afraid you live at a place inappropriately named.

"ABNORMAL" (Newport).—Your enquiry for information regarding hospital training for nurses has been passed on to *Mrs. Bull*.

SYDNEY (Manchester).—As you are a widow, aged thirty-three, desirous of going out as a domestic, and have two daughters of fourteen and sixteen who also wish to enter service, you are in an exceptionally favourable position for emigration to Australia. We are afraid, however, that "all opportunities offered in different books and papers" are not genuine, and would strongly advise you to apply to the Secretary of the Emigrants' Information Office, 34, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W. Possibly if you require assistance with your passage they would make you an advance.

[We are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

INTERESTING ITEMS

BEWARE OF YOUR BUTCHER
Tricks of the Meat Purveyor

THE FOLLY OF FLIRTING

MODERN VIEWS FOR MODERN MOTHERS
The Vital Principles of LIFE Delicately Expressed

MRS. BULL'S STORYETTE
By Louise Heilgers

CINDERELLA'S SISTER
A Charming Complete Story

THE LETTERS OF MRS. MALAPROP-BROWN

OPEN LETTERS THEATRE GOSSIP, &c. &c.

MY NEW SERIAL
HER DISGUISE
The Story of a Mysterious Housekeeper.
By
Mrs. Gertie de S. Wentworth-James
BEGINS NEXT WEEK

This week's issue
Now on Sale

This week's issue.

MRS. BULL

Buy it TO-DAY.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS

MRS. BULL AND HER NEEDLE

MRS. BULL AT HOME
Household Hints

CHATS WITH THE DOCTOR

THE DOCTOR ADVISES CORRESPONDENTS

MY MUTUAL HELP COLUMN

MRS. BULL IN THE KITCHEN

CUPID'S COURT

A D'OYLEY IN CROCHET

MRS. BULL'S LEAGUE OF CHARITY

14 NEW MILLINERY MODES

Tuesdays,
One Penny

FROM FACTORY TO RIDER

Save dealer's profits. Despatched Packed Free and Carriage Paid. *Without One Penny Deposit.*
TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL ALLOWED
British-made All Steel MEAD MODELS SUPERB
'COVENTRY FLYERS'
Warranted Fifteen Years. Defiance Puncture Resisting or Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddles, Coasters, Variable-Speed Gears, etc.
£2-15 to £6-19-6
CASH OR EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.
Winner of *Cycling's* Gold Medal—34,366 miles in 365 days, **World's Record !!**
Tyres and Accessories *half usual prices.*
Shop-Soiled and Second-Hand Cycles from 15/-
Write for **Free Art Catalogue** containing our marvellous offers & *Brochure of Planet World Record Ride.* Motor Cycles at Factory Prices.
Est. 25 yrs.
MEAD CYCLE Co., Dept. 1878
11-13 Paradise St., LIVERPOOL.

The Konak

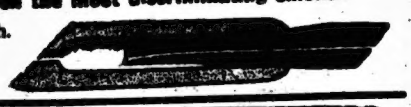
SELECTED BRIARS

Best Vulcanite Mouthpieces scientifically constructed to minimise the pressure upon the teeth.

This unique design, made in all the favourite patterns, ensures a thoroughly cool and comfortable smoke.

The general excellence of this pipe will delight even the most discriminating smoker.

Price **2/6** each.
(Silver mounted.)
Of all Tobacconists and Stores.



ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.

Instant Relief.

MONEY.—£5 to £5,000 AT SHORT NOTICE.
EASY REPAYMENTS. STRICTEST PRIVACY.
THE WEST LONDON ADVANCE CO., LTD.,
378, Pentonville Road, King's Cross, N. (side entrance).

JOHN McLAUCHLAN,

Turf and Football Accountant,

Postage 2½d.
Post Cards 1d.

Lucerne, Switzerland.

PAYMENTS NIGHTLY.
Letter Commissions:
3, CROWN PLACE,
LEITH.
Write for Terms, etc.

NO DELAYS.
Clients should handle their winnings daily. I don't put your winnings to credit, but post them back to you first mail after results are known. Letters only require to bear a time postmark previous to advertised time of race, to be "on" according to rules.

NO LIMIT TO SINGLES

DOUBLE EVENTS	50	to	1	LIMIT
TREBLE EVENTS	70	to	1	LIMIT
QUADRUPLES, &c.	100	to	1	LIMIT

Credit Accounts:
16, Princes St.,
EDINBURGH.

Wires:
"GALLOP, EDINBURGH."

Established 20 Years.

Write for my book of **PARI-MUTUEL TICKETS** on the

DERBY

and all principal races in 1912. Sent post free on application.

Tickets 1/- Each. Book of Six Tickets for 5/-

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

["*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.]

Medley.

No end of owners want to have a winner, irrespective of price or event. Plenty of backers, similarly, will support three or four in a race, being quite content to back a winner, even if they lose upon it in balance.

Whenever a long odds-on chance has won, and is followed by a similar race, bookmakers field strongly against the favourite. In contrast, when it is the other way about, you can hardly get on. Just as backers increase their stakes and gamble when losing, so do fielders launch out similarly.

Really, the best answer to the present wave of old womanish ideas would be for someone to bring in a Bill that every sportsman must be in bed by dusk, that anyone hitting hard in a boxing contest is considered the loser, and that after the first accident which happens in the hunting field or at football, all future hunting or play, respectively, will be barred under penalty of hanging. We had then better invite the Germans to come and teach us sporting manliness.

Prophetic.

There can be little at this stage to make selections for, excepting Friday's Grand National, which, I believe must, bar accidents, fall to

Jerry M.,

and if there is any danger, it is the usual here each March from Carsey—although the little horse does not quite get the course.

To-day (Thursday) the Cup may fall to Dalnacrag or Williaura; Blind Hookey is so well that he might go back to the flat with success in the Thursby Handicap, whilst Saturday's "good thing" is Chili II. in the Hurdle Handicap, with the usual danger from Briery, particularly if the ground has dried up.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS.

By "McW."

There is a finality to Fourth Round contests, even between Bradford City and Barnsley, and Saturday next sees typical Cup Tie teams trying to decide the Semi-Finals. Of the clubs left in I fancy Swindon's chances the least. They have never excelled, in Cup Ties, on foreign soil. To me it seems the toss up of a halfpenny as to whether Blackburn Rovers or West Bromwich Albion will be left in the Final. If I have a preference at all it is for the latter. They are a youthful and virile team.

My fancies for the League games are as follows:—

Probables.

Bolton Wanderers. Clapton Orient.
Newcastle United Notts Forest.
Burnley. Wolverhampton W.
Chelsea. Coventry.
Crystal Palace.

Possibles.

Grimsby. Northampton.
Derby (away). Leyton.
Leicester Fosse Luton.
Norwich. Sheffield United.

OUR £2,000 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

£25 EACH WON BY HULL AND DULWICH READERS.

We are a little disappointed that no one has been successful in winning one of our £1,000 prizes; we are most anxious that the £1,000 should be won before the Football season is over.

The lucky winners of the Consolation Prizes of £25 each are:—

Mr. W. J. Kilby, 17, Tritton Road, West Dulwich,

who gave all the winning teams with one correct score and two single scores in Football Competition No. 11.

For Football Forecast C:—

Mr. W. S. Thornhill, 71, Ruskin Street, Hull,

gains the Consolation Prize of £25 by giving 15 correct results out of a possible 20.

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THE SPORTSMAN, July 14th, 1911, says:—"BERT FRY, one of the best-known of the Flushing Turf Accountants, has removed his offices to Bale, Switzerland."

Football

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The RACING STUD, High Road, Turnham Green, W., request "Sports" to send stamped addressed envelope for terms. Some rare and refreshing "plums" ready to be slipped.

£2,000 OUR TWO FOOTBALL PROBLEMS. £2,000 WEEKLY IN PRIZE MONEY £2,000

No Entrance Fee—CONSOLATION AWARD OF £50 MUST BE WON EVERY WEEK.

If you are a football follower the offers we extend to you each week must appeal to you. Both from a monetary and a sporting point of view they are unequalled. Briefly they are as follows:—

1. £1,000 for naming one match of each League in which the most goals are scored on Saturday, April 6, or, in other words, £1,000 for three results.

2. £1,000 for estimating the result of the score of matches named below (Competition F.).

N.B.—You may enter the £1,000 COMPETITION FOR THREE RESULTS, or the £1,000 COMPETITION FOR CORRECT FORECAST, or you may enter both, but remember this, a Voucher from the first page of the cover of this issue MUST accompany each coupon. One Voucher will not suffice for any two coupons. For each and every coupon you send in you must enclose with same a Voucher. Any competitor not complying with this condition will be disqualified.

It goes without saying that the competitions are enormously popular, and football enthusiasts all over the country are anxious to set the seal on their ability by winning one of our prizes. Most competitors doubtless have the points of our schemes at their finger ends by now, but for those who have not we would point out that if going for the £1,000 for three results, all you have to do is to state which clubs in Column One competing against each other, which two clubs in Column Two, and which two in Column Three will between them score the greatest number of goals, and give the actual scores.

If your estimate is the only correct one you will receive £1,000 for your skill. If your estimate proves to be the one most nearly accurate

You Win £25.

Here is an instance from the coupon below:—

Div. 1	BURY	2	v.	BRADFORD C.	6
,, 2	FULHAM	4	v.	LEICESTER	3
S. L.	READING	5	v.	SOUTHAMPTON	2

Taking this as an attempt, and supposing it to be a correct forecast of the 3 games productive of *most goals*, then your banking account would be increased by £1,000. Were the forecast, although not absolutely correct, the nearest to the correct results, you would win the prize of £25.

If you are looking for guidance, let us recommend to you the views of the great football writer and expert, "McW.," who contributes an article weekly in another column. And last, but not least, do not run away with the idea that we do not wish you to win our mammoth prize.

WE WANT THE £1,000—or rather £2,000, TO BE WON.

Remember, in conclusion, that you must select clubs actually competing against each other as set out in the coupon.

No. 14. THREE RESULTS £1,000.

COUPON FOR MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, APRIL 6th.

The two opposing clubs in Column One, the two in Column Two, and the two in Column Three which, between them, will total the largest number of goals and the goals which each will score will be as follows:—

ENGLISH LEAGUE (Div. I.).	Goals.		Goals.	ENGLISH LEAGUE (Div. II.).	Goals.		Goals.	SOUTHERN LEAGUE (Div. I.).	Goals.		Goals.
NOTTS COUNTY	.....	v. OLDHAM A.	.....	BARNSLEY	.....	v. GRIMSBY T.	.....	PLYMOUTH	.....	v. LUTON	.....
SHEFFIELD W.	.....	v. WOOLWICH A.	.....	BIRMINGHAM	.....	v. BURNLEY	.....	READING	.....	v. SOUTHAMPTON	.....
TOTTENHAM H.	.....	v. SHEFFIELD U.	.....	BLACKPOOL	.....	v. CLAPTON O.	.....	WATFORD	.....	v. CRYSTAL P.	.....
SUNDERLAND	.....	v. EVERTON	.....	BRADFORD	.....	v. GAINSBORO' T.	.....	N. BROMPTON	.....	v. NORWICH C.	.....
BURY	.....	v. BRADFORD C.	.....	DERBY C.	.....	v. WOLVES	.....	EXETER	.....	v. LEYTON	.....
LIVERPOOL	.....	v. ASTON VILLA	.....	FULHAM	.....	v. LEICESTER F.	.....	BRENTFORD	.....	v. COVENTRY C.	.....
BLACKBURN R.	.....	v. MANCHESTER C.	.....	GLOSSOP	.....	v. CHELSEA	.....	Q. P. RANGERS	.....	v. STOKE	.....
MIDDLESBRO'	.....	v. BOLTON W.	.....	HUDDERSFIELD	.....	v. BRISTOL CITY	.....	MILLWALL	.....	v. BRIGHTON	.....
MANCHESTER U.	.....	v. NEWCASTLE U.	.....	HULL CITY	.....	v. NOTTS FOREST	.....	WEST HAM U.	.....	v. NORTHAMPTON	.....
				STOCKPORT C.	.....	v. LEEDS CITY	.....	BRISTOL R.	.....	v. SWINDON	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly," and I enter this Competition on that clear understanding.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Should no one succeed in estimating all the particulars correctly, then £25 will be awarded each and every week to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly correct. In the event of a tie the £25 will be divided.

CONDITIONS TO BE OBSERVED IN BOTH COMPETITIONS.

N.B.—A Voucher from Page One of Cover must accompany each Coupon.

1. The decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly" must be accepted as final and legally binding, and you enter only on that clear understanding.
2. Your estimate must be written only on a JOHN BULL Coupon, or on the Coupon to be found in "Lotinga's Weekly," and a voucher from one of these papers must accompany each coupon.
3. £1,000 will be awarded in each competition to the competitor (or competitors) sending an absolutely correct estimate. If no competitor is absolutely correct in his coupon, £25 will be given in each competition to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly correct. In the event of a tie the Prize will be divided.
4. JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly" will not accept any responsibility whatever in the matter of the non-delivery or delay of any attempt submitted.
5. All correspondence in the matter of the conduct of these competitions will be ignored.
6. Readers in Scotland are precluded from taking part in our Football Competitions owing to the attitude of their Law officers.
7. All competitors claiming prizes must send in their claims by the Thursday following the matches played.
8. All competitors must put the name and number or letter of the competition on the top left-hand corner of the front of the envelope containing coupons or claims, and their names or *noms de plume* only must be distinctly written on the back of the envelope.
9. Competitors sending in claims must forward copy of coupons to which their claims refer.
10. When two or more matches in the same League result in an equal number of goals, then the match including the team highest on the League table the previous Saturday will count in the Three Results Competition.
11. Coupons and vouchers for both Competitions may be sent in the same envelope.

Mark your envelopes "Football" and post your attempts so that they reach JOHN BULL, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C., not later than midday Thursday, April 4th next.

F £1,000 FOOTBALL FORECAST F

COUPON FOR MATCHES

(No Entrance Fee.) TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, APRIL 6th. (No Entrance Fee.

(Cross out in ink the club which you think will lose. Where you anticipate a draw do not cross out either.)

NOTTS COUNTY	v. OLDHAM ATHLETIC	MANCHESTER UNITED	v. NEWCASTLE UNITED	WATFORD	v. CRYSTAL PALACE
SHEFFIELD W.	v. WOOLWICH ARSENAL	BLACKPOOL	v. CLAPTON ORIENT	NEW BROMPTON	v. NORWICH
SPURS	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED	BRADFORD	v. GAINSBOROUGH	EXETER	v. LEYTON
SUNDERLAND	v. EVERTON	DERBY COUNTY	v. WOLVERHAMPTON	BRENTFORD	v. COVENTRY CITY
BURY	v. BRADFORD CITY	GLOSSOP	v. CHELSEA	MILLWALL	v. BRIGHTON
LIVERPOOL	v. ASTON VILLA	HULL CITY	v. NOTTS FOREST	BRISTOL ROVERS	v. SWINDON
MIDDLESBRO'	v. BOLTON WANDERERS	STOCKPORT C.	v. LEEDS CITY		

A Voucher Must Accompany each Coupon.

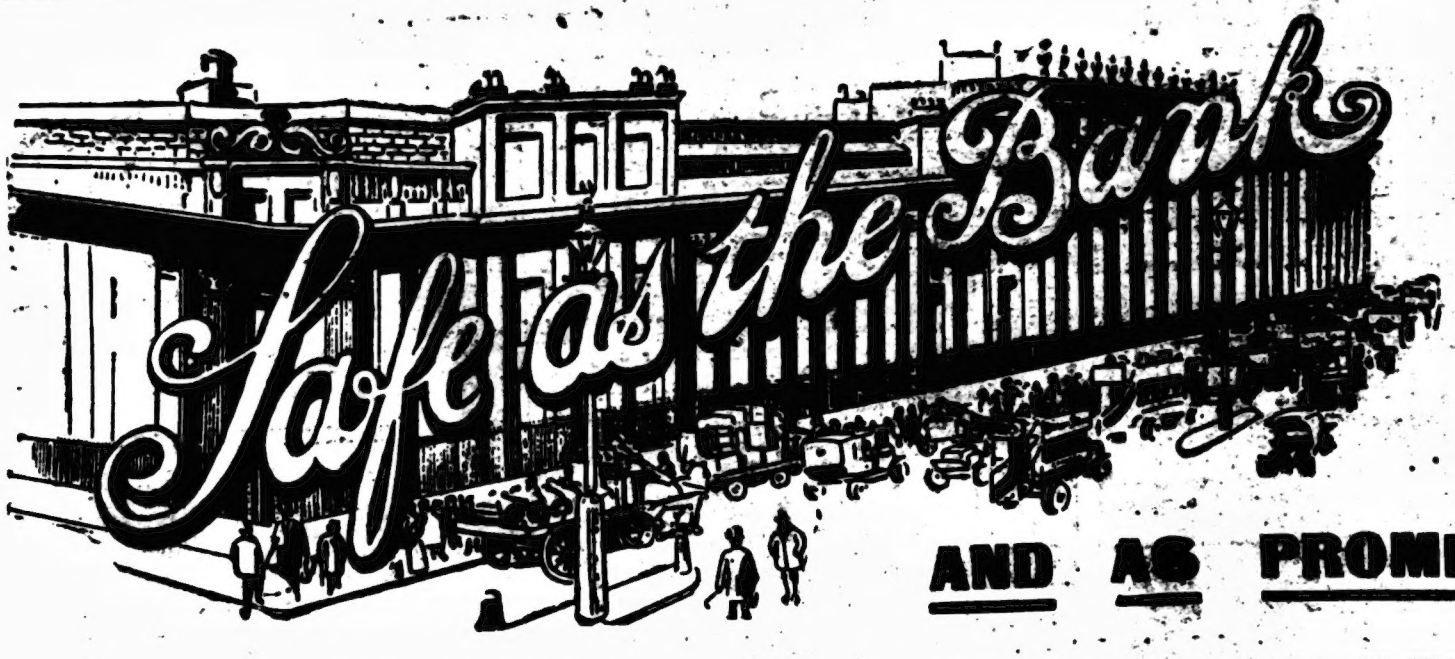
I agree to abide by the decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly," and I enter this Competition on that clear understanding

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Should no one give all the correct results, £25 will be awarded each and every week to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly accurate. In the event of a tie the £25 will be divided.

See page 428 for Result of Competition No. 11.



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